FUNNYWORLD № 10 November 1968

BARKS AND THE DUCK SYNDROME

UNCLASSIFIED

FUNNYWORLD

An amateur, non-profit magazine devoted to comic books, comic strips, and animated cartoons. No. 10, November 1968 issue. Published irregularly by Mike Barrier, 5112 P Street, Little Rock, Arkansas 72207. Single copies, 75 cents. Subscriptions, $1.50 for two issues. By first class mail: $1 for a single copy, $2 for a two-issue subscription. No subscriptions accepted past No. 12. Also available free for published contributions of art, articles, reviews, letters, answers, news, historical anecdotes and the like. Also available free to interested professionals in the comic art field. Except as noted otherwise, entire contents copyright © 1968 by J. Michael Barrier. FUNNYWORLD is intended for adult readers and should not be mistaken for a children's magazine. No back issues are available.

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ILLUSTRATIONS: The front cover is by Carl Barks; the back cover is by John Fawcett. Bill Spicer designed the title page for the Chuck Jones article, and the title lettering for the Barks bibliography. The drawing at the bottom of Page 15 is of the Road Runner, Chuck Jones' most famous creation, and it's copyright by Warner-Bros.-Seven Arts. The drawing accompanying the letters column is by Matt Rosenblatt; it's of the God of Gab, a Carl Barks concoction.

THE FUNNIEST ANIMAL

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My address--and so FW's--will probably change soon (I've been saying that for four months), but mail sent to my present address should reach me with little delay.

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Please note the changes in FW's indicia on the first page. The price per issue is now 75 cents, in line with the increased number of pages, and subscriptions are now $1.50 for two issues. Subscriptions are also available by first class mail. Another change: free copies are no longer available for submitting questions for the Q&A column (but they'll still go to those who answer questions, at least for the time being).

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As some of you doubtless have noticed by now, I'm not as shy as I once was about encouraging subscriptions to FW. I've run a small ad for the magazine in THE FANTASY COLLECTOR, and it's been plugged in some other fan magazines. The result has not been what I feared--a flood of subscriptions--leaving me rather in the position of a spinster who has been fending off non-existent assaults on her virtue. I haven't wanted a lot of subscribers, theorizing that the mechanical chores of kepping track of money, addressing envelopes, etc., would outweigh the benefits of the added financial support. (FW is still far from self-supporting, however, and my per-unit cost doesn't decline much as production expands.) But it now appears that FW won't attract a surfeit of subscribers no matter what I do, short of an all-out advertising campaign. An open-door policy undoubtedly will draw subscribers whose interest in the magazine doesn't extend to writing a letter of comment, much less contributing an article or illustration, but it also should bring in some valuable readers who might not have heard of the magazine otherwise. So, subscriptions are welcome.

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Not many people expressed interest in advertising in FW, but enough did that I've decided to accept ads. Advertising rates are as follows: for classified ads, 15 cents per typewritten line; a half-page ad is $2, a full-page ad $3.50. No ready stencils will be accepted, for the sake of uniformity in FW's reproduction; however, ready photo-stencils are welcome, so long as the layout, artwork, etc., aren't offensive to the eye. Offset ready sheets are fine, too. The deadline for ads for FW #11 is February 1; I hope that issue will be out in March, but no guarantees.

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Contributions of both art and articles are still badly needed, as you can see by flipping through the magazine. Against my wishes, I had to write the bulk of this issue myself, again. I know FW's readership contains many people who can both write and draw well, but haven't done much of either for FW. If there's an idea for an article, essay, strip, or whatever germinating in the back of your mind, let me know about it; if I like it, I promise to ride you mercilessly until it's

in full bloom. Covers and interior illustrations for FW are constantly needed, as well. I'd like to accumulate a backlog of art and articles, but so far I've had no success.

Even though it's difficult to squeeze full-scale contribution out of most of my readers, I've had no difficulty in getting help with my own projects. Much of the material in this issue would never have seen print without the assistance of many kind people, among them George Metzger, Marty Pahls, Bill Thailing, John Benson, Bhob Stewart, Mike Britt, and Robert Crumb, to name only a few of the most helpful. Thanks to you all. And it's perhaps appropriate here to say a few words of public thanks to Carl Barks, not only for this issue's cover but for all the other assistance he's given me in the last two years, first on "The Lord of Quackly Hall" and now on the Barks bibliography. Mr. Barks can't quite believe it when young whelps a third his age tell him that he's one of the World's Great Unknown Men, but his doubts haven't deterred him from complying generously with my endless requests for information on his comic book career.

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and then slowly the camera tracks on her arm to show the audience the rest of her, again in unrelenting close-up. Later, as she leaves the shadowy castle to punt down a Styx-like river, and, cackling to herself that Snow White will be burried alive, she passes a skeleton lying in a cell, arm stretched towards a pitcher of water placed just beyond reach." It strikes me as most peculiar that all this should have been shown to children--indeed designed for children--before the war, when now we are not even allowed, as adults, to see fifteen seconds of Swedish pubic hair, except in Newcastle, or in cinema clubs. People were far more permissive before the war. I am by no means sure that I would ban Disney. But I am absolutely sure that if any film-maker should be banned, then Walt Disney, with his animals like people and his people like nightmares should be the first.

(Supplied by Dave McCulloch)

James Michener in THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, August 18, 1968: "One of the most disastrous cultural influences ever to hit America was Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse, that idiot optimist who each week marched forth in Technicolor against a battalion of cats ((sic)), invariably humiliating them with one clever trick after another. I suppose the damage done to the American psyche by this foolish mouse will not be specified for another 50 years, but even now I place much of the blame for Vietnam on the bland attitudes sponsored by our cartoons ((sic!)).

(Supplied by Matt Rosenblatt)

What's happened to "Little Annie Fanny"? Unless I missed something, Annie has been absent from PLAYBOY since last March, with no word of explanation for her absence.

BUYER'S GUIDE

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY for April contains a long and fascinating interview with Chuck Jones and Ray Bradbury, on fantasy; it's full of interesting bits about animation--the creation of Bugs Bunny, Jones' approach to the Road Runner cartoons, the forthcoming Jones-Bradbury collaboration, and on and on.

I gave the wrong address last time for the April issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE (the one with the Mickey Mouse article taken from Richard Schickel's DISNEY VERSION). The proper address is American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., Sundry Department, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, L. I. (no Zip Code given, bless their hearts).

And lastly, consider this information from John Fawcett on some items available at Disneyland: "There're some beautiful Disney items available from the Mail Order Department at Disneyland, 1313 Harbor Boulevard, Anaheim, California. (1) The nicest Mickey Mouse wrist watch since the early '30s; an adult watch with 17 jewels. It's the Disneyland watch, not the new wide band red Ingersoll. $19.95. (2) And a great series of Disney animated metal alarm clocks made by Bayard of France. Listed in order of their art quality: Mickey Mouse (in the style of the '30s); Snow White; Pinocchio; Bambi; Pluto; Donald Duck. Mickey's, Donald's, and Pluto's heads tick off the seconds; Jiminy Cricket dances on Pinocchio's head; a butterfly waves on Bambi's tail; a bird ticks off the seconds on Snow White's hand. $11 each, plus $1.50 for postage and handling. I can't speak highly enough for the quality and beauty of these."

HOISTING THE JOLLY ROGER

Current comics are mostly a wasteland, but you might keep an eye on the WALT DISNEY COMICS DIGEST, a 50-cent monthly, for its Barks reprints, and THE FLINTSTONES for new strips illustrated by Roger Armstrong, one of Western's mainstays in the '40s (he illustrated many of the best Bugs Bunny and Porky Pig stories, and wrote for other strips, like "Mary Jane and Sniffles"). If the stories and the inking don't smother the vitality of Roger's pencils (two sizable ifs), THE FLINTSTONES will be worth reading, for the first time. A big Roger Armstrong spread in FUNNYWORLD is one of those things I've wanted ... to do for over a year, but haven't yet figured out how to handle. It'll be in the shape of an interview, or maybe an edited selection of excerpts from his letters, or...who knows? Whatever it looks like, this feature should turn up in one of the next couple of issues.

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CREME DE LA CREME

There are precious few comics fan magazines these days that are worth even a doting mother's attention, but there a few that shouldn't be missed.

---GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE #9, available from Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada Street, Los Angeles, California 90042, for 75 cents. Simply the finest magazine available that deals with the comics, and an excellent magazine by any standard. My praise may be suspect, since GSM carries my own column, "The Sons of Aesop," but there are enough other good things in this issue to banish any hint of bias. There are two exceptionally interesting strips, by George Metzger and Vince Davis...an interview with Dan Noonan, illustrator of many Dell comics in the Forties, that casts light on a neglected corner of comics history...two highly perceptive reviews of Gil Kane's controversial SAVAGE!, by Rick Norwood and Spicer...and a variety of other text material. All that's missing is Richard Kyle, who presided over "Graphic Story Review" for five issues. Kyle seems to be written out on the comics for the time being, although there's reason to hope for his eventual return. His is unquestionably the finest mind, and one of the most articulate voices, ever to turn to serious consideration of the comics. His real genius lies in his ability to place comic books in their social context, to explain brilliantly how they reflected their times. "The Education of Victor Fox," in XERO #8, is justly regarded as one of the finest articles on the comics, and his essay on Stan Lee's FANTASTIC FOUR in FANTASY ILLUSTRATED #7 is a suitable companion piece. His efforts at what amounts to literary criticism of the comics have been less successful, unfortunately. The clarity of his reasoning somehow failed him when he turned to trying to demonstrate just what makes a comic strip go. Ideas were sometimes reduced to formulas, and Richard led his readers up some blind alleys, as with his hostility to captions, and his over-emphasis on the role of the comic-book editor. Even though he usually pointed in the right direction, stressing the vital importance of breakdown in a graphic story, the secrets of a comic strip's inner workings seemed all but closed to him. All that was left, ultimately, was for him to attack and defend, praise and blame. A sort of Dwight MacDonald of the graphic story, even though their politics are hardly similar. And unlike MacDonald, Richard probably has a good many surprises left for his readers.

----COMIC ART #7, available for 75 cents from Don and Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060. At long last, and worth waiting for. This is the big Carl Barks issue, with a beautifully edited Barks interview, my expanded and improved "Lord of Quackly Hall" (I like it, so it must be pretty good; I usually wince when I read anything of mine more than six months old), a brief Barks bibliography, lots of Barks reproductions and revealing quotes from some of his letters, and at the close, a funny Barks cartoon similar to the one that decorates this issue of FUNNYWORLD. Plus some other good, non-Barks things. Not to be missed. It occurred to me as I read through the Barks material that to take his work seriously you first have to make three assumptions: that comic books can be worth reading; that stories with "funny animals" can be worth reading; and that stories with continuing characters can be worth reading. And think how many scholars and deep thinkers would find it impossible to accept even one of those assumptions... It's little wonder that the literary value of the best comics has gone unappreciated; the gap is simply too large for most people to leap.

---The Thompsons also publish NEWFANGLES, a monthly newsletter that I find much more valuable and interesting than ON THE DRAWING BOARD (now retitled THE COMIC READER, again). It's 10 cents a month (or $1 for ten issues, the limit now), from the address above.

---Still to be had from John Benson, 207 West 80th Street, #2B, New York, New York 10024, is the excellent TALK WITH HARVEY KURTZMAN. This has been out for a while, but I'm sure a number of readers didn't know it existed. Price is a dollar.

---MIKE BARRIER

ANIMATED CARTOONS

FOR PERHAPS THE first time, there were this summer three animated features in production at the same time in Hollywood: The Lee Mendelson-Bill Melendez "A Boy Named Charlie Brown," Disney's "The Aristocats" (produced by Winston Hibler and Woolie Reitherman, and directed by Reitherman), and "The Phantom Tollbooth," the Chuck Jones production for MGM...

ROBERT McKIMSON, a former Warner Bros. director who more recently has been with DePatie-Freleng, is once again a director with Warner-Seven Arts' cartoon department. His cartoons can hardly help but be an improvement over the dreadful cartoons Warner's has been turning out recently. At least one--"Rodent to Stardom"--qualifies as the worst cartoon I've ever seen, not excluding all the TV bilge...

NOT SURPRISINGLY, Disney's "The Happiest Millionaire" grossed a "disappointing" 5-6 million dollars, according to VARIETY. "Millionaire" was, of course, to have been a blockbuster of the "Mary Poppins" variety, and the Studio had expected a domestic return of 15 million dollars. As mentioned last issue, the more modestly financed and publicized "Jungle Book" has grossed more than 10 million dollars domestically, a record for a Disney cartoon on first release...

LES GOLDMAN, who was production manager of MGM's animation-visual arts division, has left to reactivate his own production company, Film-Sense. He'll remain an MGM consultant, according to VARIETY...

"EQUAL TIME FOR POGO," an MGM cartoon that was to have been shown on television just before the election, never got beyond the storyboard stage. By the time MGM got its production and financing problems ironed out, it was too late to finish the cartoon in time for the campaign. However, Walt Kelly has done storyboards for a new special, to be called "The Pogo Not-So-Special Special." It'll be shown May 18 on NBC-TV...

WALT DISNEY PLANNED a second "Fantasia" while the first was still in production; storyboards for the projected second feature were completed. Among the sequences were to have been "Swan Lake" and the "1812 Overture," both Tchaikowsky. Of course, the first "Fantasia" flopped at the boxoffice and so there never was a second (although I wonder if some of the sequences in the later Disney musical anthologies--"Make Mine Music," "Fun and Fancy Free," "Melody Time"--didn't originate in that aborted project)...

MICKEY MOUSE'S fortieth anniversary will be observed December 22, almost three months after the fact, on the Disney "Wonderful World of Color" series. Ward Kimball is in charge of the program. According to VARIETY, the excerpts from the early black-and-white cartoons were given a rotagravure coloring "to warm it up," whatever that means. "The Band Concert," considered by many the best of all the Mickey shorts--and, in fact, the best of all Disney's films--will be shown in its entirety. There'll also be some views of Walt Disney at his drawing board in 1925.

--MIKE BARRIER

by
Chuck Jones

ANIMATION:
the naked
art
by
Chuck Jones

ANIMATION:
the naked
art
by
Chuck Jones

ANIMATION:
the naked
art

CHUCK JONES, director of many of the greatest Warner cartoons during his long stay with that studio, and now head of MGM's animation department, gave the opening speech at last year's World Retrospective of Animation at Montreal. With Mr. Jones' permission, the transcript of that speech is being published in FUNNYWORLD. The first half appeared in FW No. 9, and the second half appears in this issue.

ALL OF US MUST eventually do what the matador does: Go out and face not only the bull but the crowd. For this, as Jimmy Durante might say, is the conditions that prevail. It does the matador little good, provides him little satisfaction, to make beautiful passes alone in a moonlit pasture. By selecting the bullfight as his profession, he must some day face these two most frightening conditions of his employment: The brave bull and the cowardly crowd. For us I think the conditions are not dissimilar: Animation is not only an art form, it is also a method of entertainment, and a method of communication. As all other artists in their lives, or posthumously, find out, we must face the crowd if we are to financially survive. If we are to advance our craft, we must each eventually face the terror of creativity, and each of us must some day do it before the great crowd.

Many of my friends who spend their nights and weekends making experimental or "message" films are more or less disappointed or frustrated by what they must do during the day.

To a great extent the demands made upon him are simply not exacting enough, except in time, energy, and frustration, to exercise an animator's capabilities. He makes more money doing what is artistically a great deal less than he once did. He turns out ten times as much footage for fleeting screen credit and little development of his intellectual muscles.

Again, great work has been done in recent years in animated commercials. Ingenuity, fine animation, wonderful cutting, great graphics. But this too has its frustrations. The finest film in the world may be made about the latest breakfast food, but the honors to the artist/animator are obscure at best, and fleeting.

In my opinion, and only for myself (this is a very personal statement), the most rewarding place to work is out in the public theatrical arena, where all directors, writers, actors seem to find their greatest satisfaction. I repeat that motion pictures are not only an art form but a means of communication as well, and, at the risk of shocking the purists, a means of mass communication. Everyone from Griffith to Bergman, Chaplin to Belmondo, has wittingly or unwittingly gone out to face the throng.

A matador, a ballet dancer, a violinist...yes, even the great easel painters have had eventually to meet the public, usually en masse.

I have no idea who that public is, what they want, how they function, or what they would look like in cross section. But the kind of animated comedy that I enjoy most requires public acceptability. The public is my patron, just as Kellogg's Corn Flakes or Shell Oil or BBC or CBS or a government committee or a dead financier or your wife may be yours. Every patron must find you acceptable or he will

not furnish you with funds. Even if you are fortunate enough to be able to subsidize your own efforts, you must decide whether the patron in you can stomach the artist you would like to be. Most of our experimental film makers in the United States support themselves either by TV commercials or what are generically called "Saturday Morning Children's Programs" no matter what time of the day or day of the week they may appear.

ONLY IN MY FIRST year or two as a director did I try to figure out what the public wanted and try to supply that want. Then I discovered that the public hasn't any idea at all what it wants, as was so appallingly proved in the case of the Edsel automobile, in which the Ford automobile company spent a reported quarter of a billion dollars trying to build an automobile to the public's taste, and the public's taste came out looking, as Bob Hope put it, like a Buick sucking a lemon.

What I have tried to do always was to realize that my field was laughter, that I should never make a film without trying something new, that that something should never be ostentatious, and that I should always put in something just for myself. That I should live within, without being inhibited by, the commercial limitations of my position; that I should ignore what the public wants without once ignoring the public. Above all,that I must never underestimate the public. And finally, I must remember that eight to ten hours of every day was a big portion of my life and what I did during that time should be happy and stimulating.

My spare time has been spent drawing, painting, writing, teaching, and reading all about anything but animation. My days have been spent making animated cartoons intended frankly and honestly to make me laugh and hopefully to make others laugh too, so I could continue to do during my days what I enjoy doing, rather than spending my days working at unpleasant tasks in order to do something else at night and on weekends. Play is what you would like to do well because you enjoy it so much.

Animation, as I understand it, is the art of the impossible. The only art form yet designed that can create from whole cloth, or whole paper, a form of life never seen before, to resurrect a form long dead, or to anticipate the possibilities of the new life, or the future of life in reality, or in man's mind.

Distortion and oddity alone are not enough.

I had an idea recently of doing something really different. No animation. I was just going to pour egg yolks over black velvet and then drop lighted firecrackers into the field, use a 390-degree U-2 lens shot from a distance of seven miles. The camera lens will be the crystallized pancreas from a wombat.

First time this has ever been done.

And it has all the meaning that accompanies being the first girl mother to swim twice around the Isle of Wight.

No, distortion and curious tools alone are not enough.

And that just may be my subject today. At last...a subject!

Fundamentals. Not a return to fundamentals, but an awareness of fundamentals... and fundamentals as I use the word here are what learning to write is to letters. The words, the form, the cementing elements: How to write and what tools you need to write, not what to write about or what opinion to express or whether you write on black velvet with charcoal.

UNDAMENTALS are the tools that enable a violinist to recognize that there are strings on a violin and that you usually stick it under your chin and not up your shirt-sleeve--that there are keys and scales and other useful things.

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Fundamentals are the recognition of the basic needs of the animation craft...color perhaps, a lens maybe, paper yes, control yes, imagination yes--and a pencil, a ream of paper, about ten years of good draftsmanship and practice and the realization that anything--anything--is possible with a moving line--if you know how.

At Expo this week we are honoring the great pioneers of animation--1900-1940--and it does us well to keep in mind that primarily those men were animators, first, last, and proudly. What actors are to the stage and screen, the animator is to animation--if you want to honor colorists, cameramen, writers, designers or any of the other peripheral crafts--by all means do so. The animators here and elsewhere acknowledge the vast debt that they owe all of the designers and craftsmen who have helped develop this into the potentially most versatile art and communication and entertainment form in the world.

But today we honor the men who were primarily concerned with learning one of the most difficult arts in that world. Great animators are great because they were willing to become great animation draftsmen--often quite a different thing than pure linear draftsmen. No great animator--Ward Kimball, Milt Kahl, Ken Harris, Bill Littlejohn, Ub Iwerks, Jack Zander, Friz Freleng, Emery Hawkins, Ben Washam, to name only a few of those I know well--spent less than ten years to achieve the facility that will enable them to do for instance what a pianist must do to perform without worrying where his fingers are.

We are so fortunate...all of us...that animation is so appealing in its versatility. All over the wordl the most extraordinary things are happening. From Yugoslavia to Japan--South America to, I suppose, Lapland, young men and women are trying new ideas of the most virile and imaginative sort--the medium is springing into life on a thousand fronts with a million facets. How great for all of us.

But if we forget our heritage--if we forget or allow to lapse one of the most important factors--the art of pure animation: A drop of water, a dinosaur, a paramecium, a McLaren dancing line, a blob, a silver wind, a silver flute, a beautifully animated, delightfully floating mass of our own introspection--if we forget that these wonders cannot be accomplished by simple means, if we use limited animation only because we can get away with it, then we are criminally overlooking the very essence of our craft and callously destroying history itself.

The recent and beautiful GRAPHIS issue on animation speaks of "modern" animation as freeing the animator from the chains that bind him to his drawing board.

What a strange idea! What artist wants to be freed from his drawing board? What most of us want is to escape the terrible trivialities and duties that keep us from our drawing boards.

I am struck by the absolute correctness and appropriateness and fitness of honoring, here at Expo, the pioneers of animation. The men who brought it from its beginnings to a world-wide vernacular, who created the climate where all of us could survive and flourish. No man in animation today can afford the small presumptions and thoughtless hypocrisies of some of those who write the brilliant critiques of animation.

All of us here who came in after 1935 inherited a world where animation was accept-

ed, beloved, and commercially able to support us. It is myopic to ignore this, just as a film festival that erased D. W. Griffith simply by not talking about him would be guilty, not of bad taste, but of poor history. Too often these writers love animation less than they love the taste of their own preconceptions.

Walt Lantz, Dave Fleischer, Bill Nolan, Grim Natwick, Ub Iwerks, etc., etc., and above all Walt Disney were the men who did this for us. We live and flourish in the ground they prepared.

Was Walt Disney an animator? Not in the usual sense, no. But, for whatever reason, he loved animation, and this is the next best thing. Walt Disney was important not only for his own people; he influence and changed the animation world around him. All of us, and this includes divergences as far apart as Warner Bros., Norman McLaren, UPA, and Zagreb, have lived because of the bright light of worldwide animation acceptability instigated primarily by Disney not as a gimmick but as a true and believable form of entertainment.

Indeed and indeed. We are here to pay tribute to our very life blood. We are here to pay tribute to these people because they were here before us.

If this retrospective tribute to the great early animators is not to be just a tribute to a collection of creaking freaks, but rather a recognition of the dynamic essence of the art of animation itself, then we must assert our admiration and our debt to those men as we would to our own life blood.

ALT DISNEY may just deserve passing mention.

Walt Disney as such, then--what part did he play in all this?

W

He was not an animator, a painter, a musician, nor an accomplished writer.

What was he then?

History has a way of sorting out such men...and we can't wait around for history to make up its mind.

We all have our own ideas.

The easiest is to discard him as a vulgarian--a cheap, common opportunist. This is easy, slick, and keeps us from having to think about it any longer. But some of the greatest animation the world has ever known came from that studio. It is so good that even animators usually fail to see it.

My belief is that Walt Disney was one of the most complex human beings I have ever known. He was vulgar in many ways. He was dictatorial. He was in many ways a dreadful man.

I read an article about someone else many years ago that has some bearing, however remote, on this subject:

"He was a monster of conceit. And he had delusions of grandeur. Never for one minute did he look at the world or at people, except in relation to himself. He was not only the most important person in the world, to himself, in his own eyes he was the only person who existed. He believed himself to be one of the greatest dramatists in the world, one of the greatest thinkers. To hear him talk, he was Shakespeare and Beethoven and Plato, rolled into one.

"He had a mania for being in the right. The slightest hint of disagreement, from

anyone, on the most trivial point, was enough to set him off on a harangue that might last for hours, in which he proved himself right in so many ways, and with such exhausting volubility, that in the end his hearer, stunned and deafened, would agree with him,for the sake of peace.

"It never occurred to him that he and his doing were not of the most intense and fascinating interest to anyone with whom he came in contact.

"His liking for his friends was measured solely by the completeness of their devotion to him, or by their usefulness to him, whether financial or artistic.

"The name of this monster was Richard Wagner. Everything that I have said about him you can find on record--in newspapers, in police reports, in the testimony of people who knew him, in his own letters, between the lines of his autobiography. And the curious thing about this record is that it doesn't matter in the least.

"Because this undersized, sickly, disagreeable, fascinating little man was right all the time. The joke was on us. He was one of the world's great dramatists; he was a great thinker; he was one of the most stupendous musical geniuses that, up to now, the world has ever seen. The world did owe him a living. People couldn't know those things at the time, I suppose; and yet to us, who know his music, it does seem as though they should have known. What if he did talk about himself all the time? If he he had talked about himself for twenty-four hours every day for the span of his life he would not have uttered half the number of words that other men have spoken and written about him since his death.

"There was a greatness about his worst mistakes. Listening to his music, one does not forgive him for what he may or may not have been. It is not a matter of forgiveness. It is a matter of being dumb with wonder that his poor brain and body didn't burst under the torment of the demon of creative energy that lived inside him, struggling, clawing, scratching to be released; tearing, shrieking at him to write the music that was in him. The miracle is that what he did in the little space of seventy years could have been done at all, even by a great genius. Is it any wonder that he had no time to be a man?"

EENS TAYLOR wrote that--he also was the entrepreneur on "Fantasia."

D I am not comparing Richard Wagner to Walt Disney. The Richard Wagners of animation have yet to be seen. But I do say that Walt Disney was for us the single most important man to yet appear in the field of animation--and for quite different reasons than anyone seems to suspect. Walt Disney might be compared to Harold Ross. In the United States before 1930 a new magazine came into being called THE NEW YORKER. The publisher was Harold Ross, a dictatorial purist. THE NEW YORKER broke a long-standing misconception among publications that a magazine cannot be at once thought-provoking, cultural, clever, smart, have an excellent format and still be commercial.

When young journalism students came to Ross for a job he would say sternly, "Don't think you're going to start as a writer--you'll start as an editor like everybody else."

I've often paraphrased this to art students--"Don't think you're going to start as an animator. You'll start as a background designer like everyone else."

Nothing against background painters--but an art student can become an excellent painter in six months--in six weeks if he is clever--but he cannot become a jour-

neyman animator in six years--at least in the area of demand I speak of.

Harold Ross said something like this..."as I conceive my job it is to prepare the ground where the artist can flourish."

Walt Disney was not a profound man in the area of philosophy, and yet I suspect that that is exactly what history will find about Walt Disney--that he prepared, fought and bled for a ground where the artist could flourish and where a new art form could grow--not only at his studio, but throughout the world.

For all of us today exist in one way or another because of the ground, the climate, that grew into a universal acceptance of animation as a form of highly entertaining communication...no single language before has ever been able to bridge that gap.

Walt Disney was blindly beloved throughout the world because he was a representation, an image, of that breakthrough--and it was not imaginary--it was real. Here today we are an international cross section of mature animation cartoonists--but we were once boys and many of you were young boys in the '30s. It is not an academic matter. When a "Mickey Mouse" or a "Snow White" or a "Dumbo" showed in Paris or Frankfurt or Leningrad or Tokyo in the 1930s or '40s, it was an event beyond our dreams.

"Snow White" is 30 years old this year and she is being shown again to the children we were once and the measure of their delight is only equalled by the multitudes who are queuing up to see it for the first time.

NOW I WANT to close on a strong and positive note and tell you something about Walt Disney in his later years, and another quite personal and little known dream he had.

Four or five years ago I ran into Walt at a cocktail party at Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles. He was smashed, but fortunately I was smashed to the same degree, so our communication level was perfect. "You know," he said, leering around at the buildings, "what we need is a school of the performing arts; a place where students of easel painting, animation, music, ballet, acting, design, motion pictures can all live together, talk and intermingle. If you want to draw a ballet dancer, why not be able to walk across the way and find some; wouldn't it help a student of the violin to understand his instrument better if he saw somebody draw one?"

"Oh, oh," I thought, "here comes another Disneyland, with Walt pushing all the buttons." But it still was a marvelous idea and I treasured it, such a school is needed, and wouldn't it be marvelous to be part of it?

Two years later the actual school started up in an amorphous form. By combining the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music with Chouinard Art Institute, the essential quality was established. Walt and Roy Disney donated a beautiful 40-acre tract in the hills near Newhall and the planned City of Valencia and the gobble-up seemed about to begin.

Then Walt called me and asked if I would serve on an Alumni Advisory Committee along with Edith Head, Nelson Riddle, Henry Mancini, Mary Costa, Marc Davis, and others. I accepted, but with grave doubts.

Walt's opening greeting went like this: "We don't want this committee to concern themselves with money. We want you to help the faculty set up scholarship standards, curricula, architectural needs. We want this to be the finest school possible. My

job is to get money, to set up a board of trustees that can get money, and to sign checks, leaving the academic and artistic standards of the school up to those who can do it best."

And that was the way it went up to the time of Walt's death. He concentrated on money, facilities, donated openings such as "Mary Poppins" and "The Happiest Millionaire" to this cause. Few people and almost no one in the animation community knew that he was involved in it at all. The school is operative now on a remarkable method of student body selectivity. Applications are ten to one compared to availability. The new campus will open in two years. There will be all the dreams Walt outlined, plus many more. There will be seats for visiting artists, film makers, animators from other states and other nations, a student exchange program, a method of internship for graduate students in studios and corporations. The theory of integration of all phases of the arts will continue to be emphasized. The school will be fully accredited, and social studies, as well as what might be cross-over studies, will be emphasized. A cross-over requirement will be that an art student, for instance, will be required to take at least one course in a contrasting subject: Dance, music, voice, motion pictures, animation.

Musicians, artists, actors, painters, and live action directors who have heard of this school have eagerly volunteered their services as visiting lecturers, to work and live with the students, participate under workshop conditions.

This is what Walt said shortly before he died: "A completely new approach to training in the arts is needed...that's the principal thing I hope to leave when I move on. If I can help provide a place to develop the talent of the future, I think I will have accomplished something."

And I think in this place, at this time, on this occasion, that's not a bad note to end on.

YE CATS!

COMMENTS ON CARL BARKS FROM LETTERS BY STEVE ENG

I HAVE THE IMPRESSION that Barks in his conscious mind is still conservative. I doubt if he went through adolescent rebellion very deeply, or was ever a typically cynical teenager. ...Rather, I think he may have wished to be conservative all along, but his observation and awareness of the world's ills grew. Barks is always carping at bums and beggars, yet he shows compassion for Donald, which is rather ironic. Donald is the typical unemployable who in real life would be drawing welfare or Aid For Dependent Children, due to his personality maladjustment to the nine-to-five life of the "good citizen." While Barks worked steady hours, and outwardly respects this, underneath he probably knows it's nobler to search for elusive El Dorados and holy grails you never find. - Also, Barks may recall the '30s, when he, or friends of his, scrambled for demeaning jobs as Donald does.

Anyway, there is a sense of sweeping compassion and classless understanding in Barks. I think Barks would like to respect Scrooge's money, but can't, really liking only Scrooge's guts, etc. Like any artist, Barks hates the collective spirit, whether for good purposes or bad. (I don't think Barks has any more respect for the Woodchucks than for the Beagle Boys, Inc.) And the sense of tragedy persists. On the back of "The Golden Christmas Tree" (DONALD DUCK #203, 1948), Barks is almost unconsciously savage in his depiction of Christmas shopping. Yet his purpose isn't even satiric, since the shoppers aren't really the point of the one-page strip--Barks merely shows it like he thinks it is. And think of the public-contact jobs Donald has had, usually knocking on doors. Statistically, the human race gets off pretty badly at Barks' hands; practically two out of three people shaft Donald in one way or another, whenever Donald is attempting to deal with the public one by one. There's also the suppressed Christmas story in which Donald's joyous caroling is rejected by his hostile neighbors.

Barks uses his own private, rather sad conclusions about humanity for constant humor. He is quite realistic, even cynical. He often finds very base motives in people. Scrooge wants to get credit for giving a Christmas gift. Boy Scouts are taught by adults to covet awards, not the self-esteem of performance. School is almost never enjoyable for Huey, Dewey and Louie. Daisy is a maniuplating bitch, and women in

general? Think of the knitting and tatting brigade hounding Donald at the zoo when he's trying to lose his nightmares by tatting (WALT DISNEY'S COMICS #101, February 1949).

Barks is first and last interested in the individual, though it would be pedantic and pompous to call this his "theme" or "message." Even Gladstone, in his repulsive way, is dignified in his hatred of work. At least he pays the price of everyone's dislike, so let him live off raffle tickets and lost wallets. His laziness brings its own punishment, unpopularity.

* * *

I THINK BARKS needed strange locales to bring out his deeper emotions—I couldn't prove it, except by a statistical survey of his stories. Of course, more dynamic plots are going to evoke more dynamic emotions from the characters; of course, less could happen around Duckburg, physically and emotionally. But I also feel that less would—that Barks' conscious conservative nature enforced itself on the city environment, and censored emotions that somehow became acceptable abroad. I can't prove it. Walt Kelly is the conscious liberal, Barks the conscious conservative. But probably any great artist underneath is radical and iconoclastic. Barks' subconscious probably dovetails right and left wing opinion, in circular fashion (if you believe that right and left meet if either is followed far enough). And more to the point, the artist is better if he's non-political.

To get free of caring about society completely, Barks likes to leave, with his ducks, for some primitive locale without rules or conventions, where people express and reveal themselves without restraint. For instance, Barks doesn't really know how to present Scrooge to the civilized world. Sometimes Duckburg honors Scrooge, sometimes scorns him. Like Donald, sometimes Scrooge receives the city's praise or blame undeservedly...and thus a little tragically. Neither can really cope with people collectively, only individually. This is the plight of most kids--and of enough sensitive adults to cause us to identify. We all feel that it would be nicer not to have to be conservatives or liberals, but merely be mountaineers, buccaneers, deep-sea divers, or whatever. No politics is better than politics right or left. Barks knows society forces each of us to choose, and knows he'd rather not have to relate at all to collective problems and situations. For most responses to collective problems are programmed and stereotyped. Individual responses are the more rewarding--for men and ducks. When Scrooge is hit for a fast buck by a bum, he has no real choice—either response is stereotyped. If he shells out, he's gullible and wishy-washy; if he withholds, he's crusty and stingy. The tragedy of society is that it so often offers lesser-of-two-evils types of choices.

Donald has dropped out of society, below even minimal employability; Scrooge and Barks have dropped back into the ideal of an earlier day that they both know is not to come again. Barks in his house receiving paychecks through the mail slot instead of on his office desk, Scrooge in his bin with 1898 silver dollars to insulate him from the reality outside. And Barks, Donald and Scrooge hit the road for anyplace only too gladly. Do they ever miss Duckburg? Only the kids have not rejected society yet--they have some faith in school now and then, and in the Woodchucks. For like any children, they are the hope of elders who aren't as happy with the world they grew into, as they'd expected.

Barks suggests it is better to suffer fully than to live unfeelingly. The tragedy and the ecstasies are usually in the longer stories in the one-shot comic books. Back home are the dulling pleasures of more Woodchuck trophies, and more wrestling

shows on TV, and more rare money for jaded Scrooge. Better to suffer the wind and rain on a tiny ship's deck, than suffer another balmy Duckburg day, waiting for Daisy to call...no wonder Mister Jones gets it from his wacky neighbor. What else could pass the time more enjoyably for one of Donald's temperament?

"In Old California" (DONALD DUCK #328, 1951) rather proves it, since it is a weaker story than others of the period. I felt so as a kid, and that is the reaction that is more significant than any I have now. It was weak because it lacked the tension of the modern stories. A real pipe-dream for Barks...and the story where he lost, happily for him, his artistic objectivity. The dream gimmick was mechanical, and about as bad as the hypnotism gimmick used in a later story. I felt it was weak as a kid. I can visit the past myself, without Barks' help; I could then, via Western history, so who needs ducks cluttering up 1849 action? It was constantly funny and lovable, but not...great. For Barks was too much into that one, too far gone...no longer bound by the ties of time...you feel that the ducks (and Barks) could have stayed in Old California indefinitely, solving whatever minor problems arose, so that the undercurrent of dramatic action was nearly nil, though the surface humor was sharp. But in the best one-shots, the thrill of the locale was sharper because of the reason for visiting it. I always liked the trauma of leaving Duckburg, preferring that it not happen gently...as it did in "In Old California," leaving on vacation and passing into a dream. Better for Donald to shatter the kids' security with "We're going to Labrador." Thrill of the very word --and awe! For we share Donald's dread of not finding Gladstone in time (DONALD DUCK #256, "Luck of the North," 1949). Or the kidnap-departures to Ancient Persia and Volcanovia. Also--every journey, once underway, must yet end. Sooner or later we find the golden helmet or the square eggs, and must return to Duckburg... so the moments afloat or aloft are always the more precious. Also, the tension of the purpose of each trip is important. To save Donald's face for faking a map, to save North America, to save the nephews from an armored man, etc. Strange locales as settings for human conflicts...the ecstasy of reaching the headland on Azure Blue's map (DONALD DUCK #408, "The Golden Helmet," 1952), of finding Plain Awful and the square eggs after all that fog (DONALD DUCK #223, "Lost in the Andes," 1949); the soicism of Donald's standing before the nephews with arms outstretched to protect them symbolically but fatalistically as the Australian bushmen prepare to kill them ("This is it, boys! Goodbye!") ("Adventure Down Under," in DONALD DUCK #159, 1947), and of Donald and the boys' remaining together on the iceberg as Gladstone leaves in the only canoe in "Luck of the North."

Barks' best work was probably in the precious middle pages of the best one-shots, where humor and danger and other emotions were at their sharpest--and big panels provided opportunities for climactic drawing. Those were Barks' big chances, his few really big stages--and he didn't muff his performances.

I felt the decline by the time the first issues of UNCLE SCROOGE appeared, in 1952 and 1953. I sensed that Scrooge could not provide quite the degree of emotional involvement that Donald plus the kids could. Donald's courage is the more stirring, because Donald is the lifelong loser...better that he win, rather than Scrooge (who is certainly brave), a winner so many times. When Scrooge suffers or exults, you just can't feel as excited. And the purpose of the Scrooge-type trips was always less stiring--namely to make more money or save what he had. Donald had more serious reasons, more emotionally involving reasons, for taking off. Going to Africa before a shrinking curse takes effect is pretty serious (DONALD DUCK #238, "Voodoo Hoodoo," 1949); more so than just getting another million dollars.

The measure of the good DONALD DUCK one-shots was that even the reader was sort of glad to get back to Duckburg...Barks puts the ducks and the reader through the proverbial wringer while overseas. One sort of staggers home from the Andes, from British Guiana after searching for that damned stamp (DONALD DUCK #422, "The Gilded

Man," 1952), after merely saving North America from Azure Blue and yourself. (Yes, you, too, might have stolen North America...and Barks reminds you of this, since he knows that you either identify with Donald or with the kids, and all are nearly corrupted.) ("The Golden Helmet.")

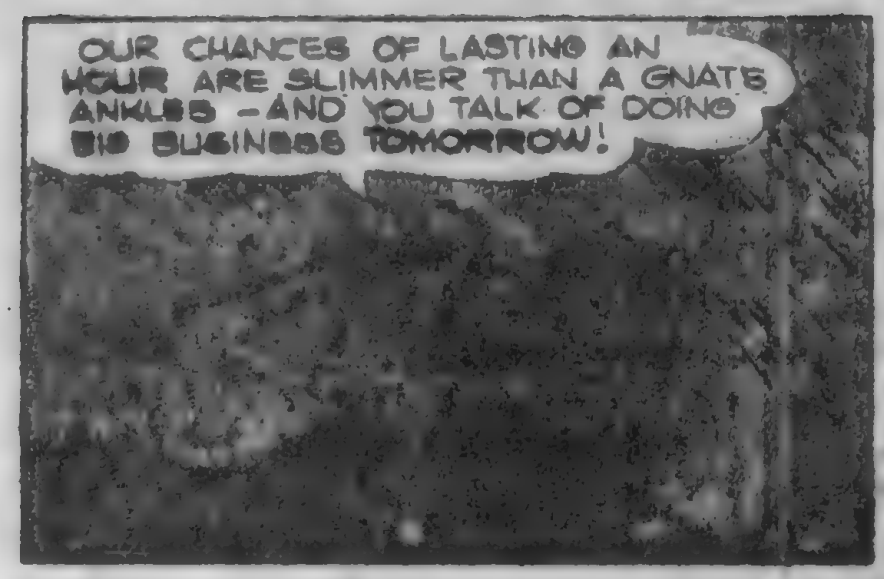
One more example: In the horse-radish tale (UNCLE SCROOGE #495, 1953), we identify more with Scrooge, for he stands to lose everything, and we remember from "Only a Poor Old Man" (UNCLE SCROOGE #386, 1952) what the money really means. Money's a symbol, and a clean one, with Barks; a symbol of frozen fingers in the Klondike, of honest fingers in business deals, of aged fingers that still can count it lovingly. So more than in later stories, perhaps, we identify with Scrooge in this one. And Barks evokes some homicide in our hearts when Chisel McSue is at Scrooge's mercy, in the episode cited in "The Sons of Aesop" in GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE #9. (Kids and Barks know that not saving someone's life is legally not murder, maybe, but morally and psychologically <u>is</u>--something many adults don't know.

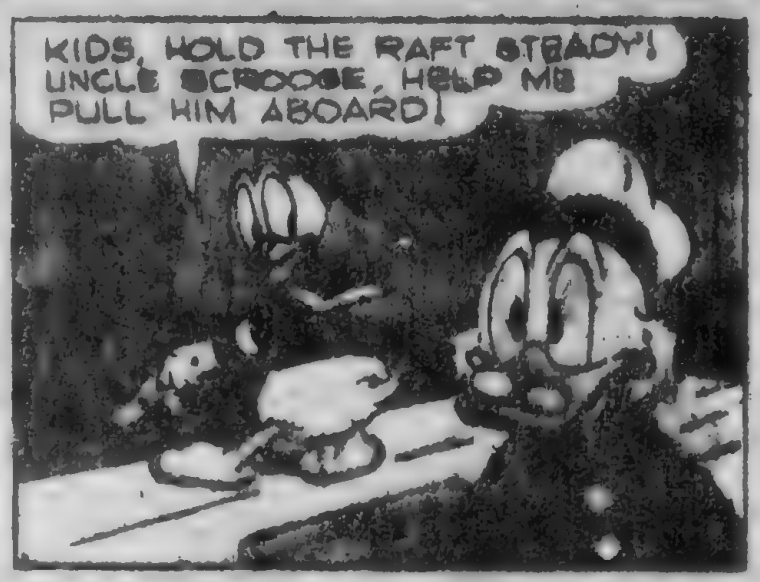
An undercurrent of loneliness flows through these stories. Of characters whose honesty alienates them, but whose guts lead them to fight back. The ducks know that only they can make themselves happy, and don't count much on external sources. Theirs are alwasy rather private joys that no one else might understand. Duckburg would call Donald and the kids suckers for returning the stamp album to Philo T. Ellic after all they went through in British Guiana (in "The Gilded Man"). That they must return it is more inevitable, and either more noble or more tragic, or both, than anyone but the reader can understand. Their returning it is more nearly inevitable than the later $50,000 reward--a tribute to Barks' involving us. We don't guess an obvious ending, because we have lost our objectivity, and are on the weary honest level of the ducks--and, like Donald, feel like bashing our heads against a wall every few feet on the way home.

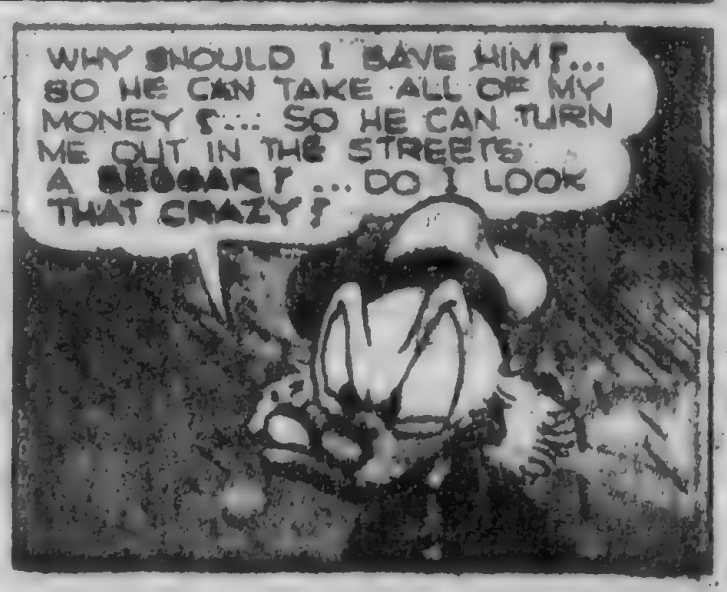
(An earlier Barks would have had a glowing happy ending of poor but honest and therefore happy ducks. But being honest doesn't always make you happy, and Barks doesn't hide this, at this and other times when the ducks do their duty. They don't always glow inside as you're supposed to when you do good turns daily --but they still do them.)

Barks probably was closest to Donald, because Donald was the most confused character he drew. And Barks and, usually, any sensitive or thinking person is confused by the Great Society. Barks certainly didn't know how to get rich in America, and I don't think he knew how to find happiness. Barks' happy life (if it was, and I think so) was the product of good luck or intuition, not of careful planning. Like Donald, Barks had the imagination to be happier and unhappier than the average person. Scrooge's lack of imagination when anything other than his own problems is involved limits him...Donald can at least imagine a toyless Shacktown at Christmas; Scrooge cannot (DONALD DUCK #367, "Christmas for Shacktown," 1952). Donald can comprehend the tragedy of the kids' learning that Santa isn't real, whereas Scrooge just cares about hogging the credit for coughing up a steam shovel on schedule (CHRISTMAS PARADE #1, 1949). Donald's solutions and problems are more complex, hence more interesting, more funny, more tragic. What is funnier or sadder than living off thrown-away stamps on envelopes, while planning a trip to British Guiana in search of the rarest stamp in the world?

To sum up, Barks was a great artist. He went as deep into the available emotions of his characters as he could--when he could. And this usually was in dynamic plots like those of the stories that appeared in the DONALD DUCK one-shots of the 1940s and early '50s.







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CARL BARKS BIBLIOGRAPHY

HERE, AT THE MIDPOINT in this bibliography, it seems appropriate to restate what I'm trying to accomplish, especially since some FW readers missed earlier installments of the bibliograpy and may not know just what's going on. There may be other FW readers with short memories. To eliminate any possible confusion (or at least reduce it), "The Plan of This Bibliography" is included on Pages 22 and 23. If you should have any questions about the organization or purooses of the bibliography, they're answered there. "The Plan" will be reprinted in the next three issues of FUNNYWORLD, although some changes will be made in it as we go along.

Part Four
UNCLE $CROOGE

A question for my readers: Should the bibliography include description of Barks' covers for comic books, rather than just listing those he illustrated? I hadn't thought about doing this until I saw Dan Alderson's cover descriptions in his index to MORE FUN's early issues in CAPA-alpha. I still can't decide whether it's worth doing. If enough readers feel that describing the covers would add materially to the value of the bibliography, I'll add descriptions. This is the kind of description I have in mind, using the cover of UNCLE SCROOGE No. 386 as an example:

"Front cover - Donald rows Scrooge across a lake of money."

A second question is whether the bibliography should be expanded to include items like those Better Little Books that included Barks illustrations. These illustrations, and those used on the covers of a few coloring books, were taken straight from comic books, and so I can't see any point in listing them. Some readers do, however. Does anyone have any arguments for or against this? I'll take a lot of persuading, I warn you.

Ken Barish, Matt Rosenblatt, Alan Hutchinson, John Baldwin, Leonard Holtman.

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THE PLAN OF THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY

This bibliography of the work of Carl Barks is to be published in seven installments, covering the following material:

1. WALT DISNEY'S COMICS - 1943-1949 (FUNNYWORLD 7, September 1967).
2. WALT DISNEY'S COMICS - 1950-1962 (FW 8, December 1967).
3. DONALD DUCK comic books - 1942-1962 (FW 9, May 1968).
4. UNCLE SCROOGE comic books - 1952-1962 (FW 10, November 1968).
5. Other Dell comic books with the Disney ducks - 1949-1962 (FW 11).
   Dell comic books with other characters - 1943-1947 (FW 11).
6. Gold Key comic books - 1962 to date (FW 12).
7. Giveaway and premium comic books (FW 13).
   Other comics-related material by Barks - Golden Books (FW 13).
   Non-comics material by Barks - letters to fanzines, etc. (FW 13).
   Material about Barks - fanzine articles, etc. (FW 13).

The bibliography is appearing first in FUNNYWORLD so that as many errors as possible may be cleaned out before the bibliography is published in its final form sometime next year. At this point, it's uncertain what form the finished bibliography will take--booklet, hard-cover book, or what--and what will be included in addition to the bibliography itself. The aim will be to provide as complete a guide as possible to the comic book work of Carl Barks, and so the book probably will contain articles, an interview, the full publishing histories of the comic books in which Barks' work appeared, and, hopefully, some reproductions from Barks' stories. Full details will be announced in FUNNYWORLD, and probably in advertisements in other fan magazines, when the bibliography is ready for publication.

As can be seen from the list above of the seven installments, this bibliography will not be all-inclusive. It will not cover Barks' work at the Disney Studio, or for the CALGARY EYE-OPENER, or the paintings he has done since his retirement in 1966. Instead, it will cover all his published comic book work (including reprints) and other comics-related material done during his comic book career. (At this point, I know of nothing in the latter category except two Little Golden Books.) Excluded will be comic book material reprinted outside comic books, i.e., Barks drawings reprinted in Big Little Books and coloring books. I don't see any point in including material like this, any more than I see any point in listing all the non-Barks stories in which his characters (like Uncle Scrooge) appear. And, for obvious reasons, only American publications will be included.

Within the bibliography itself, the individual entries will be organized this way: Issue number, date, full title of each story (except for the omnipresent "Walt Disney's" or "Walt Disney Presents"), number of pages (but not page numbers, unless the pages are numbered in the comic book itself), and a brief summary, or precis, for each story. (Covers and other illustrations will also be listed.)

This pattern differs for comics that weren't published on a regular schedule, like the early issues of DONALD DUCK and UNCLE SCROOGE. Many Disney comics were published in Dell's series of one-shot comic books, which were identified as "Four Color Comics" through No. 101 (except for No. 100). The Four Color designation was dropped from the covers in 1946, but the numbering of the series continued uninterrupted, and so issues after No. 101 are identified in the bibliography as Four Color Comics, too. I've also given the full page count, including covers, for all one-shots (in parentheses, after the number), and listed the full "official" title of each one-shot as given in the indicia that usually were published at the bottom of the inside front cover. This "official" title is sometimes at variance with the title on the cover of the comic book. The dates given for one-shots, in

parentheses, are the "code dates" for the comics. These code dates usually were given at the bottom of the first page of the comic. For example: "439"--September 1943, meaning not that the comic was published in that month, but that it appeared when comics cover-dated September 1943 were appearing. In some cases, publication on a regular schedule began while the comic book was still appearing in the Four Color series, although the date was given only in the indicia, and not on the cover. By contrast, on many later Four Colors, dates were given on the covers and in the indicia, even though the comic book was not being published on a regular schedule.

A pattern similar to that used for the one-shots will be followed in listing "giant," 25¢ comic books. With them, as with the one-shots, the full page count and code date will be given.

Still another procedure will be followed when the Gold Key comic books are listed, since a whole new system of code numbers and dates is involved. That will be explained in the sixth installment of the bibliography, when the Gold Keys are listed.

All reprinted stories will be cross-referenced, as will stories that are redrawn and rewritten versions of earlier Barks stories.

Sometimes, a Barks story is listed as taking up only a fraction of a page. In most instances, the equivalent of one or two panels was taken up by an advertisement for other Dell comic books or by Dell's "A Pledge to Parents," an assurance to Parents that Dell's comic books were free of anything harmful. This was, of course, Dell's answer to the seal of the Comics Code Authority, and began appearing in Dell comics at about the same time as the Code Authority began affixing its seal to the comics of rival publishers.

FUNNYWORLD's readers are encouraged to submit corrections, additions, and suggestions for improvements. Usable contributions of this sort will bring either a free copy of the complete bibliography or a discount, depending upon how much information is supplied, how valuable the information is (for example, locating a piece of Barks material in an unsuspected place would rate high), and the price of the book (if the price of the book is low, then many people will receive free copies; if it's high, there'll be more discounts).

I'd especially like to encourage a careful reading of the story summaries, to see whether they've captured the elements of each story that give it its distinctive flavor. That is, the elements that are most likely to be remembered. The point of these descriptions of stories, after all, is to make it easier to locate a particular story. Deciding just how to summarize a ten- or twenty-page story in a few lines is frequently difficult, since Barks' work is so crowded with memorable names, characters, and incidents. I'm frequently unsatisfied with the summaries I've written, but left with no alternative but to use them. A few readers so far have stepped forward with suggestions for improvements, but not enough.

Information is also needed on Barks' letters to fan magazines and the like, and on articles about Barks. However, I'm not seeking passing references to Barks in fan magazines, or references to Barks' characters only. I'm looking for substantial references to Barks, or articles about him, in fan magazines, and articles in professional magazines and newspapers that refer clearly to stories by Barks.

—MIKE BARRIER

Dick Wald, Mike Benton, Chip Coakley and George Metzger are all due thanks this time for supplying information for this bibliography. Thanks to them, and to readers mentioned in earlier issues, all the comic books I asked about have now been checked for Barks material.

With that done, it's time to review where matters stand, especially since I'll soon be preparing bibliography entries based on second-hand information. My files of WALT DISNEY'S COMICS, DONALD DUCK and UNCLE SCROOGE are complete or nearly so, but once past them we get into titles--especially from the later '50s--that are poorly represented in my collection. So, double-checking is especially important at this stage. Below, I've listed Dell comic books in four categories--those that I own or have checked personally, so that I have no doubts on whether they do or don't contain Barks material; comic books I don't have, but which I've been told do have Barks; comic books I don't have and that I've been told don't contain Barks; and finally, comic books that haven't been checked by me or by anyone else, but could conceivably contain some of Barks' work. This list covers only comic books in which the Disney ducks appeared (or might have), since there's no question about which non-duck comic books contain Barks stories.

Readers are urged to check the comic books in the second and third categories to see if they agree that they do or don't have work by Barks, and to check the comics in the fourth category on the off-chance that some of them contain something by Barks. And most important, if a reader has a comic book with Barks' work that's not included in any of these lists, please don't fail to let me know about it. In addition, I'm interested in buying or borrowing the comic books in the second, third and fourth categories, especially the second. Photocopies of Barks covers and stories are also welcome.

As I mentioned above, these lists cover only Dell comic books; Gold Key comic books will be covered in the next issue. The lists follow:

1. Comic books I own or have checked personall: Walt Disney's Comics 31-263; Donald Duck - all one-shots, 26-57, 59, 60, 63-77, 79-84; Uncle Scrooge - all one-shots, 4-39; Duck Album 353, 450, 492, 586, 611, 782; Daisy Duck's Diary 600, 948, 1055, 1150, 1247; Grandma Duck's Farm Friends 965, 1010, 1073, 1161; Donald Duck Album 1239, unnumbered 1962 issue; Vacation in Disneyland 1025; Gyro Gearloose - all one-shots; Donald in Mathmagic Land 1051, 1198; This Is Your Life, Donald Duck 1109; Donald and the Wheel 1190; Christmas Parade 1-3, 8, 9; Vacation Parade (Picnic Party) 1, 2, 4, 7; Silly Symphonies 1, 4, 8; Donald Duck Beach Party 6; Donald Duck in Disneyland 1; Uncle Scrooge Goes to Disneyland 1; Christmas in Disneyland 1; Disneyland Birthday Party 1; one-shot giants (various titles) 26, 27, 30, 35, 39, 49, 52, 53, 55.

2. Comic books I don't own but which I've been told do have Barks; Donald Duck Album 1099, 1140; Picnic Party 8; Mickey Mouse Almanac 1; Summer Fun 2. (I know definitely that DONALD DUCK ALBUM 1140 has a Barks cover, and that SUMMER FUN 2 has at least two Barks stories.)

3. Comic books I don't own but which I've been told don't have Barks: Donald Duck 58, 61, 62, 78; Duck Album 531, 560, 649, 686, 726, 840; Daisy Duck's Diary 659, 743, 858; Grandma Duck's Farm Friends 763, 873, 1279; Donald Duck Album 995, 1182; Christmas Parade 4-7; Vacation Parade (Picnic Party) 3, 5, 6; Silly Symphonies 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9; Donald Duck Fun Book 1, 2; Donald Duck Beach Party 1-5; Donald and Mickey in Disneyland 1; Mickey Mouse Summer Fun 1; Vacation in Disneyland 1; Huey, Dewey and Louie Back to School 1; one-shot giants 22 (Huey, Dewey and Louie Back to School)1, 33 (Daisy Duck and Uncle

Scrooge Picnic Time), 38 (Uncle Donald and His Nephews Family Fun), 47 (Mickey and Donald in Vacationland).

4. Comic books that haven't been checked: Mickey Mouse in Magicland 819; Mickey Mouse Birthday Party 1; Mickey Mouse Club Parade 1; Mickey Mouse in Fantasyland 1; Mickey Mouse in Frontierland 1. (I doubt that any of these have Barks stories, but they're worth checking.)

There were many more Disney Dell comic books, of course, but these are all those I know of that did carry or might have carried stories about the ducks—the potential Barks comics, in other words.

—MIKE BARRIER

A Carl Barks Bibliography, Part Four

I. Dell Comic Books With the Disney Ducks (Cont.)

C. UNCLE SCROOGE (1952-1962)

Four Color 386 (36)
(March) 1952
UNCLE SCROOGE
in ONLY A POOR OLD MAN

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - A salesman for Osogood Silver Polish volunteers to polish Scrooge's coins.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Only a Poor Old Man" - 32 - When the Beagle Boys erect a building next to Scrooge's money bin, with plans to puncture the bin and drain out the money, Scrooge secretly transfers his money to an old reservoir, where he hides it underwater. Learning of this stratagem, the Beagle Boys try, with eventual success, to destroy a dam so that Scrooge's money will flow onto their land. (Except as noted otherwise, all stories in UNCLE SCROOGE were drawn as eight-panel pages—that is, the standard page is four panels deep.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge takes a bum to a diner for a "free" cup of coffee. (First of a series of one-page stories set in the diner.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1(back cover) - Scrooge decides to "take a chance" on the Soupline Eight car.

THAT TALK WITH THE KIDS DID ME GOOD! I FEEL LIKE MY OLD SELF AGAIN!
LIKE THE SCROOGE THAT GUMMED UP THE JAMES BOYS AND OUTFOXED THE DALTONS!
TA DA!

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Four Color 456 (36)
(March) 1953
UNCLE SCROOGE,
BACK TO THE KLONDIKE

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge waits for the light to change before getting in a taxi.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Back to the Klondike" - 27 - Scrooge takes pills to restore his failing memory, and immediately recalls the location of a bag of nuggets he cached in the Yukon fifty years before.

When the ducks arrive in the Klondike, they find that Scrooge's claim has been taken over by Glittering Goldie, a former dance hall girl Scrooge knew in the gold rush days--and who still owes Scrooge a thousand dollars, plus interest.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Somethin' Fishy Here" - 5 - Donald pastes up a fake newspaper that convinces Scrooge that fish have been made the official money of the land.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge uses baled money as a ladder.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge plays checkers for high stakes--with himself.

Four Color 495 (36)
(September) 1953
UNCLE SCROOGE

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge trims his own sideburns because barbers' prices are "too much."
UNCLE SCROOGE - 22 - Scrooge is faced with the loss of his entire fortune to Chisel McSue because, 200 years before, an ancestor of Scrooge's failed to deliver a case of horseradish to Jamaica, and then failed to give all his property to McSue's ancestor, as provided in a contract. Scrooge can save his fortune only by fulfilling the terms of the original contract, but the ship carrying the horseradish sank in the Caribbean. The ducks set out in a small sailing ship to find the horseradish--and when they do find it, McSue pursues them and sinks their ship in a hurricane.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 10 - For safety's sake, Scrooge has his coins changed into greenbacks and stores them in an old water tank, but this fails to stop the Beagle Boys. (First appearance of Scrooge's "Old Number One Dime," identified here only as the first dime he ever earned.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge's money bin is at the bottom of a rainbow that the nephews see.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge "treats" the trained fleas to a meal at the circus.

4, Dec.-Feb. 1954

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge uses ballet to elude such pests as a process server and a bill collector.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 32 - Scrooge has his money canned before shipping it to a Hawaiian island he has bought, but the Beagle Boys have infiltrated the canning operation and bought the ship Scrooge uses. They make the ducks prisoners on the island, now populated only by one old Hawaiian named Opu Nui (Big Tummy) and by the menehunes--the tiny ones--who eventually help end the ducks' captivity.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge finds a way to avoid paying a penny but still learn his weight.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge loads down

a passing bum with sacks of money.

5, March-May 1954

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge invites a sideshow freak to dinner during "Hospitality Week."
UNCLE SCROOGE - 32 - Scrooge buys up all the 1916 quarters ever minted and sinks all but one deep in the Atlantic, with the aim of making that one coin the most valuable in the world. But the last quarter is flattened by a steamroller and so Scrooge must dive into the Atlantic to get another. There, the ducks find Atlantis, a sunken city now populated by fish-men who breathe under water. (Mentioned in this story is the "Junior Woodchucks' Book of Knowledge," the famous Junior Woodchuck Guidebook in embryo.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - On a cruise ship, Scrooge watches native boys risk their lives for pennies thrown in the water.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - To celebrate a big business deal, Scrooge buys one soda and five straws for himself, Donald and the nephews.

6, June-August 1954

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge is reluctant to pay the price for a paper with news about his big oil strike.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 22 - His nerves so frazzled that he can't bear the mention of his fortune, Scrooge goes with Donald and the nephews to the money-less paradise of Tralla La, in a Himalayan valley. However, the bottle caps from Scrooge's nerve medicine soon become as sought after in Tralla La as money is in the outside world —until Scrooge orders a billion caps dropped into the valley. (First mention of the Junior Woodchuck Guidebook.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 10 - Scrooge, trying to get them to sell their houses and lots, tricks both Donald and his neighbor Jughead Jones into tearing down their homes in a search for a nonexistent fortune.

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UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge digs up the beach in search of a lost nickel.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Offered a "penny for your thoughts," Scrooge quickly accepts.

7, Sept.-Nov. 1954

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge's foul mood is erased when he finds a nickel on the sidewalk.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 28 - Scrooge and the ducks go hunting Indian arrowheads, and stumble onto jewels from the

Seven Cities of Cibola. When they go searching for the Cities in the desert, they are followed by the Beagle Boys, who have overheard them talking about the fabulous treasure left by the Indians in the Cities. (Part of this story is set in Indio, California, although none of the Indio settings were taken from life. On the twelfth page (unnumbered), the Beagle Boys are kicked out of an Indio office identified as "Aid for the Poor - Riverside County Welfare" by a human character who is a caricature of Al Koch, then director of the welfare office in Indio. In Barks' words, "He is the guy who led me to a bluff near Thousand Palms and showed me the ancient Indian trail that started the sequence of ideas that became the plot of the Seven Cities story. Al and I 'developed' the plot that evening over copious draughts of bourbon and ale.")
UNCLE SCROOGE - 4 - Scrooge uses a carrier pigeon to send a million dollars to the bank, but the pigeon goes south instead.
UNCLE SCROOGE -1(inside back cover) - Scrooge dials a wrong number, but still gets his dime's worth.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge brings his own coffee cup to the diner to get a lower price.

8, Dec.-Feb. 1955

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge pleads a lack of cash when a clubwoman asks for a donation.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 28 - Scrooge takes a sea voyage so that the wind can clean out the gold dust that's clogging his pores and making him feel tired, and also to answer a plea for help that turns up in a bottle on the beach. When the ducks arrive at the island from which the message was sent, they find the Beagle Boys and a mysterious ray that turns living things into stone.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 4 - Scrooge faces the necessity of spending money to boost his campaign for treasurer of Duckburg.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge rents his limousine as a taxi on a rainy day.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge uses his electric blanket to hatch out chicks.

9, March-May 1955

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge brags to Donald about his fabulous "lawnmower"--a sheep.
UNCLE SCROOGE in The Lemming With the Locket - 22 - Scrooge hides the combination to his new safe in a locket that accidentally falls around the neck of a lemming that Donald and the nephews have brought to his office. The lemming escapes onto a schooner, and the ducks follow the ship to Norway, where they find millions of lemmings marching to the sea.
UNCLE SCROOGE in The Tuckered Tiger - 9 3/4 - Scrooge matches his race horse against the Maharajah of

Swingingdore's tiger in a race the loser of which must pay the winner the loser's weight in diamonds.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge runs a ski lift that's free--on the way up only.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge relaxes by "fishing" in his money bin.

10, June-August 1955

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge brings a folding cup to the diner.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "The Fabulous Philosopher's Stone" - 24 - Scrooge and the ducks search for the philosopher's stone--which can turn other metals into gold--all over Europe, following a trail that finally leads them to the labyrinth of Crete.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Heirloom Watch" - 8 - Scrooge is told that he can claim his great-uncle's estate only by presenting the old Mc Duck heirloom watch--which he has just thrown away because it fell apart.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge sets up a pottery shop on a bad curve in the road.

11, Sept.-Nov. 1955

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE in The Great Steamboat Race - 16 - Scrooge and "Horseshoes" Hogg raise two steamboats from the Mississippi to finish a race that their two uncles started in 1870--a race to decide the ownership of Cornpone Gables, an old Southern mansion.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Riches, Riches, Everywhere!" - 16 - Scrooge takes the nephews and Donald to Australia to demonstrate his ability to find valuable minerals anywhere. In Australia, the ducks are followed into the desert by two miners. (Situation similar to that at the close of "The Magic Hourglass in DONALD DUCK Four Color 291.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge is invited to a "come-as-you-are" party while bathing in money.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7/8 (back cover) - Scrooge gives a squirrel nuts, then takes them back from a hole in the squirrel's tree.

12, Dec.-Feb. 1956

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge celebrates his 75th birthday with a 75-watt bulb on the cake.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "The Golden Fleecing" - 31 7/8 - Scrooge, who wants a coat woven of gold, is shown some of the legendary "golden fleece" by Arab-type traders who prove to be Harpies in disguise. The Harpies take Scrooge and Donald to Colchis, where Scrooge is to judge their cooking ability. The nephews come to the rescue and the ducks escape with the fleece, but not before Scrooge is swallowed by the Sleepless Dragon. (The Harpies are referred to as "Larkies." The change was ordered by the publisher after the story was completed because "Harpy"

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was at one time a synonym for "prostitute." "One or two" pages had to be redrawn as well as relettered, according to Barks.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge gets free coffee at the diner by soaking it up with a "doughnut" cut from a sponge.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge passes up a cafe in the desert in favor of lower prices at another, a mile away.

13, March-May 1956

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge paints a policeman on his window to scare off burglars.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Land Beneath the Ground!" - 27 - Fearful of earthquakes, Scrooge has a shaft dug beneath his money bin to search for weak places in the rock. The shaft breaks through into a huge cavern populated by the Terries and the Fermies, round, legless creatures who compete in a "game" of causing earthquakes. (First appearance of Scrooge's "Worry Room.")
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro traps lightning, but finds it too powerful to be used as electric power.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge makes sure spring has arrived before changing hats.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7/8 - (back cover) - Scrooge, "mushing" through the far North, decides to eat mush, as well.

14, June-August 1956

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge suffers stomach pains from Grandma Duck's expensive meal.
UNCLE SCROOGE "The Lost Crown of Genghis Khan!" - 19 - The lost crown of Genghis Khan, found in Asia by Scrooge's agents, is stolen from a yak train in the Hindu Kush Mountains, and Scrooge, Donald and the nephews go to Asia to recover it. There they find that the crown has been stolen by "Gu" the

Abominable Snowman, a weak-minded giant who is fascinated by the ticking of Scrooge's watch.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro has to contend with his obnoxious neighbor while trying to invent a super-speed gasoline for a racing driver.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7 3/4 - Scrooge gets a deed to an inch of Texas land in a cereal box, and sends the nephews out to buy all the cereal when it appears that there's oil on the land.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge pans gold on the beach--but only to sell gold pans.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7/8 (back cover) - Scrooge uses fireflies instead of electric lights.

15, Sept.-Nov. 1956

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge is "sculpted" in mud by the great Buffo.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "The Second-richest Duck" - 20 - Scrooge goes to South Africa to match his wealth against that of Flintheart Glomgold, proclaimed to be the richest duck in the world. After comparing their wealth, Scrooge and Flintheart find that the title of richest duck hangs on who has saved the largest ball of string. They roll their string across open African country to determine whose roll is longest.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro invents a machine to translate the howling of the cats on his fence. (First appearance of Gyro's "helper," a tiny metal figure with a light bulb for a head.)
UNCLE SCROOGE - 6 3/4 - Scrooge, told his money bin, is in the way of a new turnpike, moves it first to a valley and then to a hilltop, but can't escape "progress."
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge and Donald sneak into a concert.

16, Dec.-Feb. 1957

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge uses coins as "fertilizer" in his garden.
UNCLE SCROOGE in "Back to Long Ago]" - 21 - A hypnotist, behind on his rent, trades Scrooge nine minutes of hypnotism for his arrears. While under the spell, Scrooge learns that he was Matey McDuck of the British navy in an earlier life, and helped bury a treasure on an island in the Caribbean. He heads for the island, but Donald has been hypnotized, too, and he and the nephews have the same destination.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro invents a machine that can predict the future accurately, but only when it's asked the right questions.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 5 3/4 - Scrooge goes on a television quiz show, but can't afford to answer any questions correctly because the added income will raise his taxes.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge drills for his own fuel oil.

Back cover (New Year's greeting).

17, March-May 1957

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge erects an "early American" office building--a tepee.
UNCLE SCROOGE "A Cold Bargain" - 26 3/4 - Scrooge outbids the government of Brutopia for a frozen ball of Bombastium, the rarest element known to man. When Scrooge takes the ball to Antarctica to make sure that it will never melt, he is pursued by the Brutopians. They lose interest in the ball after learning that Bombastium is good only for making ice cream in huge quantities.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro arouses the interest of fishermen with what seems to be a new invention for catching fish with almost no effort.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge sees a "quarter" on a distant peak that is really just a dime.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7/8 (back cover) - Scrooge's bill for broken china goes up when he protests.

18, June-August 1957

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge hesitates at jumping from a burning building into a net.
UNCLE SCROOGE Land of the Pygmy Indians - 27 - Scrooge buys a huge tract in the Canadian wilds so that he can get away from Duckburg's crowds and smoke and noise, but finds that the "unpopulated" land he has bought is actually the home of the Peeweegahs, tiny Indians who speak in rhythms like those of Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." The ducks are captured by the Peeweegahs, and to prove that they mean no harm, Donald must land an enormous sturgeon.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro invents a machine for finding gold and tests it in the desert.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7/8 (inside back cover) - Scrooge dresses shabbily when a relative comes to ask a loan.

19, Sept.-Nov. 1957

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge, like George Washington, hurls a dollar across the Potomac.
UNCLE SCROOGE in The Mines of King Solomon - 27 - Scrooge takes Donald and the nephews with him on a trip around the world to inspect his many properties, and the nephews' Junior Woodchuck animal calls get them into trouble constantly. Checking on the supply of sand for glass at an Arab village on the Red Sea, the ducks find the fabulous mines of King Solomon--but the Woodchuck animal calls draw first Arab raiders and then a horde of wild animals.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro fills an order for a soft, pillowy house, but it accidentally turns out hard.

20, Dec.-Feb. 1958

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE in City of Golden Roofs - 26 - Scrooge and Donald hold a contest to see who can make money

the fastest--Donald selling midget tape recorders or Scrooge selling huge stoves for heating airplane hangars--while sailing up the Gung Ho river in Indo-China. They stumble upon the ancient city of Tangkor Wat, which has remained hidden for a thousand years but yields to the temptations of Donald's recordings of Shoeless Pashly, the calypso king.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro invents a robot servant that responds directly to his thought waves.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 3/4 - Scrooge is stranded on a desert island, but his money attracts help.

21, March-May 1958

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge dreams of finding money, at a lecture on easy ways to get rich.
UNCLE SCROOGE in The Money Well - 26 - Scrooge pumps his money underground to save it from the Beagle Boys, who are planning to drill into the bin from an adjacent lot. But Scrooge's eyeglasses are bad, and he mistakenly pumps his money under land on which the Beagle Boys' grandfather has been squatting.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 3 3/4 - Gyro invents a mechanical scarecrow that has little success in scaring off crows led by the wily Old Blackie.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 3/4 - Scrooge buys a dog to outmatch a deadbeat's watchdog.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge forgets that he's had a self-locking door put on his vault.

22, June-August 1958

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge heads for the museum to buy parts for his old car.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Golden River - 26 - Scrooge, more miserly than ever because dry weather is shrinking his money pile, is taken to a mountain cabin by Donald and the nephews for the sake of his nerves. There, Dewey reads him the story of "The King of the Golden River," a story that comes true after a fashion when a waterfall near the cabin starts flowing intermittently with gold.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro invents a machine that can read thoughts, but it seems to have little success at reading a bird's mind.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 7/8 - Scrooge pays a reduced rate for a bumpy ride on a horse.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge takes precautions before going down with his ship.

23, Sept.-Nov. 1958

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge and a maharajah compare what they're hauling.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Strange Shipwrecks - 21 - Scrooge goes to Gloomgurgle Straits in the North Pacific, where ships loaded with gold from his Alaskan

mines have been mysteriously sinking. There, he learns too late that the lighthouse keepers at Raider Nick's Reef are actually the Beagle Boys, and that they have been terrorizing the ships with an inflated rubber "ghost ship" sailed by Raider Nick, a pirate whose ship was wrecked in the straits centuries before.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro tries to "stiffen" the water in his swimming pool so that the neighbors won't know he can't swim.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Fabulous Tycoon - 5 - Scrooge and Donald visit the ranch of Longhorn Tallgrass, reputed to be a richer tycoon than Scrooge.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 5/8 - Scrooge proves he has "a roll that would choke a horse."
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge finds a way to read his newspaper without paying for expensive electricity.

24, Dec.-Feb. 1959

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Twenty-four Carat Moon - 20 - A new moon is discovered behind earth's moon, this one made of solid gold, and Scrooge is soon in a rocket race with the Beagle Boys and others to be the first to reach it. When Scrooge does arrive on the golden moon, he finds that Muchkale, the richest man on Venus, has beat him to it, but is willing to trade his claim for just a handful of dirt.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro builds a house on Cyclone Hill so that he can test his new invention, a cyclone warning bell.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Magic Ink - 6 - Scrooge buys an ink that makes people want to pay their bills, and tries it out on Donald.

25, March-May 1959

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge refuses to budge from a park bench that's to be taken downtown.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Flying Dutchman - 20 - Scrooge, Donald and the nephews sail in a dredging boat for the Cape of Good Hope in search of the "Fliegende Hollander," a gold-laden ship that disappeared 300 years before, and that Scrooge believes was scuttled with the gold still aboard. They don't realize until too late that the ship they're seeking is the ghostly "Flying Dutchman," which brings bad luck to all who see it sailing above the water.
GYRO GEARLOOSE - 4 - Gyro invents a wishing well that works—and puts him in danger in a Latin American war.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 5 3/4 - Scrooge, in Egypt in search of investment opportunities, spends great sums to excavate a pyramid, against his better judgment.
UNCLE SCROOGE - ½ - Scrooge chases a butterfly, and then a ten-dollar bill.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 3/8 - Scrooge uses binoculars to read a newspaper for free.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - A basket of

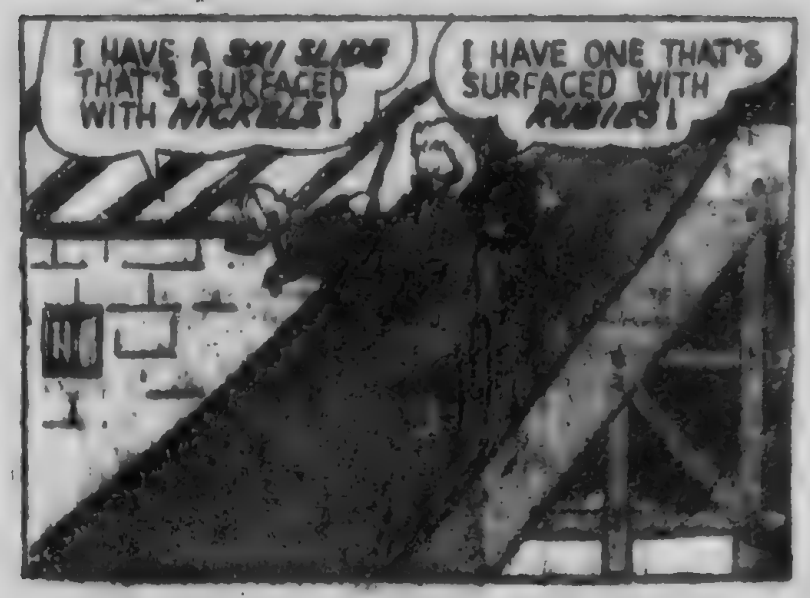
kittens eventually returns to Scrooge's doorstep.

26, June-August 1959

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Prize of Pizarro - 20 - Scrooge finds a letter in an old Spanish galleon he has given to the city of Duckburg that reveals the location of the Incas' long-secret gold mines. Scrooge, Donald and the nephews make the hazardous journey into the Andes to the mines, where, unknown to them, descendant s of the Incas are still on guard, and traps are plentiful.
GYRO GEARLOOSE in Krankenstein Gyro - 4 - Gyro tries to emulate a "Krankenstein" movie he has seen by synthesizing life and hatching a creature of some sort from an egg.
UNCLE SCROOGE - 6 - Scrooge returns to the ghost town of Pizen Bluff to finish digging a claim he abandoned many years before, after dreaming that ghosts have bricked his old mine shut.

27, Sept.-Nov. 1959

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE and The Money Champ - 22 - Flintheart Glomgold challenges Scrooge to a return match to see who is wealthiest. The two tycoons turn everything they own into silver dollars and place them in rival piles at the old Duckburg airport, where Scrooge must contend with Flintheart's tricks as well as his money.
GYRO GEARLOOSE and the Firefly Tracker - 4 - Gyro invents a machine for tracking fireflies that also proves useful in tracking meteors.
UNCLE SCROOGE and His Handy Andy - 4 - Scrooge's all-purpose ship helps out yachtsmen during a race--for a price.
UNCLE SCROOGE Crawls for Cash - 3/8 - A broken leg doesn't stop Scrooge from going after a penny.



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28, Dec.-Feb. 1960

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE and the "Paul Bunyan" Machine - 21 - The Beagle Boys invent a huge "Paul Bunyan" machine to chop into Scrooge's money bin, but Scrooge first mails his money to an Idaho forest and hides it inside trees. When the Beagles come to the forest, Scrooge confronts them with a "Paul Bunyan"machine of his own.
GYRO GEARLOOSE and The Inventors' Contest - 4 - Gyro enters a contest for inventors of a better mousetrap, and faces Black Pete in the finals.
UNCLE SCROOGE and the Witching Stick - 5 - Scrooge is hunting for gold with a witching stick, when Donald substitutes another stick for it.
UNCLE SCROOGE The Money Hat - 3/8 - A bag of money holds down Scrooge's hat on a windy day.

FUNNYWORLD - 36

29, March-May 1960

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE Island in the Sky - 18 - Scrooge decidecides to hide his money in space, but the rocky, barren asteroid he chooses is populated by tiny savages, who live just 300 yards from another asteroid that is lushly vegetated and covered with trees and lakes. Their future looks bleak when the ducks scare away the birds whose eggs are their only source of food.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Oodles of Oomph - 4 - Gyro builds a boat with a little extra "oomph" to win the annual race around Tulebug Lake.
UNCLE SCROOGE Hound of the Whiskervilles - 7 3/4 - Scrooge returns to Scotland to find a piece of his family tartan, only to learn that the Hound of the Whiskervilles--the family that was an ancient rival of the McDucks--has returned to the moors.

30, June-August 1961

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE Pipeline to Danger - 17 - Scrooge, in the Sahara to drill oil wells, decides to use a lava crater to store the oil. The crater is populated by tiny Arab ducks who capture Scrooge, and it appears that they and he will be trapped when oil starts flowing into the crater.
GYRO GEARLOOSE War Paint - 4 - Gyro inverts war paint for movie Indians that makes them as warlike as real Indians.
UNCLE SCROOGE Yoicks! The Fox! - 9 - Before Von Crankenshaft will sell his motor factory to him, Scrooge must prove that he is a sportsman by riding to the hounds, in competition with other millionaires who want to buy the factory. (New version of the "Donald Duck" story in WALT DISNEY'S COMICS #98.)

31, Sept.-Nov. 1960

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE All at Sea - 17 - Scrooge goes to the port of Bantu in an old windjammer to pick up a billion dollars in gold. He has the gold shaped to look like corn in an effort to fool the Beagle Boys, but they see through the ruse.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Fish Warden - 4 - Gyro, as a special game warden, wears a fish suit to catch frogmen who are raiding the salmon grounds.
UNCLE SCROOGE Two-way Luck - 9 - Scrooge, beaten on Friday the Thirteenth in an emerald contest, goes to the South American source of the largest emerald and finds a cave where emeralds "grow."
UNCLE SCROOGE The Secret Book - 7/8 - Scrooge buys a phony book on "How to Make Money."
UNCLE SCROOGE The Balmy Swami - 1 (inside back cover) - A fortune teller predicts even more wealth for Scrooge.

32, Dec.-Feb. 1961

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE That's No Fable! - 18 - Scrooge plans to buy 40 acres in the Dismal Ooze Swamp in Florida,

and while inspecting the land finds the original Fountain of Youth. Two of the soldiers of "Poncey de Loon" have been trapped for centuries on an island in the center of the Fountain, and the ducks are trapped there, too.
GYRO GEARLOOSE That Small Feeling - 4 - An Amazon witch doctor asks Gyro to give more power to his voodoo doll, which shrinks those who squeeze it.
UNCLE SCROOGE Clothes Make the Duck - 7½ - Scrooge ruins his clothes while trying to avoid an invitation to a party Daisy's club is holding to show that "clothes make the man."
UNCLE SCROOGE The Homey Touch - ½ - Scrooge "beautifies" his money bags with bows.
UNCLE SCROOGE A Thrift Gift - 1 - Scrooge gives Donald and the nephews "matched luggage"--hobo sticks and bundles.
UNCLE SCROOGE Turnabout - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge is pursued by a hoodlum--until he sees a reward poster for him.

33, March-May 1961

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE Tree Trick - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge carries his money to the bank concealed in a bag for a tree's roots.
UNCLE SCROOGE Billions in the Hole - 16 - An "atom subtracter" invented by Scrooge's engineers is stolen by the Beagle Boys, who plan to shrink Scrooge's money bin with it. Not only the bin but the Beagle Boys and Scrooge and Donald are shrunk, and are soon at the mercy of hungry ants.
GYRO GEARLOOSE You Can't Win - 4 - Gyro shapes trees to order, but can't satisfy his finicky customers.
UNCLE SCROOGE Bongo on the Congo - 10 - Scrooge takes Donald to his diamond mine in Kachoonga to show him how to be a tycoon, but they find that the mining camp has been deserted because of the sound of a dreaded Qwak Qwak war drum.
UNCLE SCROOGE The Big Bobber - 3/4 - Scrooge disguises himself to bob for apples.
UNCLE SCROOGE -Thumbs Up - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge matches a butcher's thumb on the scales by pushing his thumb <u>under</u> the scales.

34, June-August 1961

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE Mythtic (sic) Mystery - 14 - A small planet is slipping closer and closer to earth, and the ducks are swept up in a storm caused by the planet's approach. They land on a flying chariot and are taken to the planet, which is called Valhalla and is populated by Roman and Norse "gods."
GYRO GEARLOOSE Wily Rival - 4 - Gyro is frustrated in a patent attorney's waiting room in an effort to get a look at a rival's invention.
UNCLE SCROOGE Chugwagon Derby - 9 3/4 - Scrooge and Donald are rivals in a cross-country race for antique cars, and play dirty tricks on one another all along the way, not knowing that the last car to

finish will be the winner. (Similar to "The Screwball Derby" in DONALD DUCK Four Color 29.)

35, Sept.-Nov. 1961

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE The Golden Nugget Boat - 19 - Scrooge and Gladstone both go to Alaska--Scrooge paying his way with parts of a golden boat shaped from a single nugget, Gladstone traveling on a ticket that Scrooge won at a TV show and then lost. In Alaska, they compete in a contest to see who can find the biggest gold nugget.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Fast Away Castaway - 4 - Gyro goes to a small island to test a survival kit that can turn sand into any kind of food, even ice cream.
UNCLE SCROOGE Gift Lion - 4 - The Beagle Boys give Scrooge a lion to guard his vault, but the "lion" is actually a Beagle Boy in disguise.

36, Dec.-Feb. 1962

UNCLE SCROOGE The Midas Touch - 17 - When Magica de Spell, a sorceress, comes to buy a coin from Scrooge to use in making a magic amulet, he accidentally gives her his Old Number One Dime. She refuses to return it, and so the ducks pursue her to her sorcery shop on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. (First appearance of Magica de Spell. First story in which the Old Number One Dime is called by that name.)
GYRO GEARLOOSE Duckburg's Day of Peril - 4 - A giant mechanical man being used in a movie runs amok, and Gyro is called in to stop him.
UNCLE SCROOGE Money Dag Goat - 6 - Scrooge is given a mountain goat that will eat only money, and takes him to a valley so that the goat can learn to eati grass.

37, March-May 1962

Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE Windy Story - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge tells the nephews how he saved his gold from outlaws by using flypaper.
UNCLE SCROOGE Cave of Ali Baba - 16 - Scrooge, Donald and the nephews are touring Scrooge's oil pipe lines in Persia when they are joined by an archeologist carrying clay tablets that tell of Ali Baba's cave. Their donkeys are soon stolen by giant rocs that lead them to the cave itself.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Great Pop Up - 4 - Gyro has difficulty in adjusting his toaster to pop-up properly.
UNCLE SCROOGE Deep Down Doings - 9 - Scrooge salvages pearls from a sunken Asian ship, but the Beagle Boys are waiting to take them, and so to save the pearls the ducks string them around the tails of salmon on their way inland to spawn.

38, June-August 1962

UNCLE SCROOGE Monkey Business - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge uses chimpanzees as his mountain-climbing team.
UNCLE SCROOGE The Unsafe Safe - 19 - Scrooge sheathes

(Continued on Page 64.)

FEARLESS FANG

BY MIKE BARRIER

©1968 J. MICHAEL BARRIER

OTICE OF
NKRUPTCY

JOHN JAY, ESQ.
ATT'Y AT LAW

GIVE

312

MAGIC REMEDIES
ALTERATIONS

REJOICE!

THE KING OF BEASTS IS HERE!

GOD ALMIGHTY! WHERE?

RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES.

ALL I SEE IS YOU!

LUCKY MAN.

WHILE I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, SIR, HERE IS A LETTER FROM YOU TO ME, AND MY CARD.
FEARLESS FANG... WELL, I COULD HAVE GUESSED IT. YOU'RE KIN TO TOBY HAMSTER, IT'S OBVIOUS.
IT'S TRUE WE HAMSTERS SHARE A LOFTINESS OF BROW, A FIRMNESS OF CHIN, A GLINT IN THE EYE...
THAT WASN'T THE TYPE OF RESEMBLANCE I HAD IN MIND, ACTUALLY.
MMM?
Fearless Fang
RACONTEUR, BON VIVANT, AND GOOD COMPANION
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
THAT MEANS THE INCOMPARABLE FANG IS A MOUNTAIN OF MIRTH... A FOUNTAIN OF FUN... A MOTHER LODE OF ANECDOTES BOTH SACRED AND PROFANE..... AND ALL FOR AS LITTLE AS THE PRICE OF A MEAL.
UGH... I MEAN, YES, OF COURSE.
THERE'S A GLUT ON THE MARKET FOR BIG TALK AROUND HERE, I'M AFRAID. WE HAVE LOCAL PEOPLE WHO SUPPLY ALL WE CAN STAND.
AMATEURS ARE THE BANE OF MANY VENERABLE PROFESSIONS.

NO ONE KNOWS... BUT HE'S BEEN GONE WITHOUT A TRACE FOR FIVE YEARS, SO THE LAW SAYS WE START TAKING IT FOR GRANTED THAT HE'S DEAD.

OH.

...THEREBY FULFILLING A FOND WISH OF MANY HUMBLE FOLK...

HE LEFT HIS MARK, NO DOUBT. WELL, GOOD DAY, MR. JAY.

NO, JUST A MOMENT, THERE'S ONE BIT OF BUSINESS LEFT.

WHAT?

LITTLE MATTER OF FIVE YEARS OF RETAINER FEES.

MY UNCLE PAID YOU THE SAME WAY, DID HE?

WHEN I WAS YOUR UNCLE'S ATTORNEY, MY BOY, I LEARNED TO POUNCE ON ANY CHANGE HE DROPPED.

SEVENTY-EIGHT CENTS AND A PEARL COLLAR BUTTON. WELL, IT'S A START.

THE BUTTON IS A FAMILY HEIRLOOM; JEWELERS HAVE REFUSED TO ESTIMATE ITS VALUE.

MORE TO COME

NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH... AS TOBY HAMSTER'S HEIR, YOU'LL BE EATING REGULARLY.

MY BELOVED UNCLE! BLESS HIS MEMORY!

HERE! SINCE THERE AREN'T ANY OTHER RELATIVES DANCING ON HIS GRAVE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL MOVE INTO HAMSTER HALL NOW.

THERE'S SOME PAPERWORK LEFT BEFORE YOU GET EVERYTHING ELSE, BUT IT WON'T TAKE TOO LONG. HOPE YOU CAN STAND THE WAIT.

I SHALL RELY ON YOUR SAGE JUDGMENT, COUNSELOR.

I'M SURE THAT MY UNCLE WOULD CHOOSE ONLY AN ATTORNEY OF UNSURPASSABLE WISDOM AND INTEGRITY — A VERITABLE PEARL AMONG SWINE.

DIDN'T KNOW YOUR UNCLE, DID YOU? NEVER EVEN MET HIM, DID YOU?

IF YOU HAD, YOU'D KNOW THAT HE HIRED ME BECAUSE HE COULDN'T FIND ANYONE ELSE WHO'D PUT UP WITH HIM.

A BARGAIN, I'M SURE ...TELL ME, WHERE ARE MY UNCLE'S EARTHLY REMAINS INTERRED?

TEA

WELL, I'M SURE YOUR UNCLE IS IN **SOME** WARMER CLIMATE, BUT IT COULD AS SOON BE LOS ANGELES AS HELL.

YOU DON'T KNOW IF HE'S DEAD?

REVIEWS

Crumb-bum

"The Adventures of Fritz." CAVALIER magazine, February (pp. 96-97), March (pp. 90-92), April (pp. 90-91), May (pp. 90-91), June (pp. 90-91), July (pp. 61-62), August (pp. 89-91), September (pp. 89-91), and October (pp. 61-62) 1968 issues.

Robert Crumb's Fritz is a cat, a cat not too much different in appearance from all the cats that have populated children's comic books for at least 2t years. Like so many other "funny animals," he's dressed at a bare minimum--sport coat, tie, and what I suppose is a detatchable collar. Otherwise, his striped and furry body is bare. He looks more like the real thing than many cartoon cats, with features that are more feline than human, even though they have the flexibilit, that only human eyes and mouths have.

But this cartoon cat moves and thinks and talks in a world that has little in common with the worlds of other cartoon cats. The roundness and softness characteristic of most "funny animals" are absent here; instead, Fritz and his friends are portrayed with hard lines of unvarying width (Crumb draws with a Rapidograph, a technical pen that produces uniform lines). The staging of "Fritz" owes little to motion pictures, since the story is told with none of the comic-strip equivalents of exotic camera angles, rapid cutting, or even close-ups. Instead, Crumb's "camera" remains at the same distance from his characters throughout a scene, and even the panels remain the same size throughout. The break with the cinematictradition that emerged in the comic strips of the '30s is almost complete.

Far more important than these divergences in technique is Crumb's departure from the geist of the old "funny animal" comics. Crumb has his cat and his other

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Last issue, I said that there'd be an extensive review of Richard Schickel's THE DISNEY VERSION this time around, and you'll notice that such is nowhere to be found. The Crumb review ran much longer than I thought it would, and faced with a choice, I decided the Disney review would keep much better, especially since I doubt that anyone is waiting on my comments before deciding whether to buy the book. Barring some fresh disaster, that review will be in the next issue.

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characters saying things and doing things and feeling emotions that have always been alien to "funny animals." After the shock has worn off, it's clear that it works, that animal characters have an even greater potential than even their admirers may have suspected.

Fritz is a college student, and a con man of the sort that flourishes at most colleges--the make-out artist. He comes on like a sensitive youth with the soul of a poet. Holden Catfield. In the second CAVALIER installment, Fritz seduces Charlene, a coed who has been serenading him with folk songs. He slips off her clothes as his soothing words pour out, flowing (in a typically brilliant little touch) from panel to panel without interruption. Nonsense, his words are, but he presses all the right buttons: "Charlene, I don't understand about this Green Goosegrease or Rusty Rotgut or junipers or railroad tracks or any of this rolly rolly rum dum stuff it's all very metaphysical and out of my line completely but for chrissake when the air is full of abstracts like love and sex and all that very anxious sort of what's going through her or his mind kind of crap and everybody's thinking what Gestalt have said in a nihilistic fantasmagorical mess like this and mountains of papers and notes and Professor Goat all swept away by your sweet little arms and legs God and visual chemistry neo-classicism social evolution are collecting dust on the big desk by the refrigerator in the magic of those tender breasts I know the sun gonna shine in my back door tomorrow after I've flunked my exam..." And on like that. Fritz undoubtedly speaks in a very nice, mellow baritone. Crumb discreetly retires to a view of Charlene's apartment window, from which we hear her say, "Oh, Fritz...you're the most beautiful person I've ever known."

A short while later, as Fritz trudges home from Charlene's, he yawns and says, "... Christ, she's a good lay...I'd like ta hit th' sack but I gotta study for those goddamn exams...Shee-it!"

Fritz, then, is an exploiter, a completely selfish cat, a carnivore whose meat is others' emotions. His camouflage is so good that it fools even him. Glumly studying for his exams, Fritz muses on the futility of it all--and the injustice: "An' me a writer and poet who should be havin' adventures and experiencing all the diversities and paradoxes and ironies of life and passin' over all the roads of the world and digging all the cities and towns and rivers and oceans and making all the chicks--by God! ... No more the dreary boring classes, the dismal lectures, the sitting around bullshitting with pretentious fatassed hippies, no more the books, the spoutings of a bunch of old farts who think they know the whole goddamn score! Hyah! Hyah!" Then he sets fire to his books.

Not just the books but the whole apartment house goes up in flames. Fritz flees, embarking on a disorganized series of adventures that involve marijuana, crows (surrogate Negroes), the police, political radicalism, and, naturally, a variety of women. None of these encounters echo any stories in traditional "funny animal" comic books. It's a whole new bag.

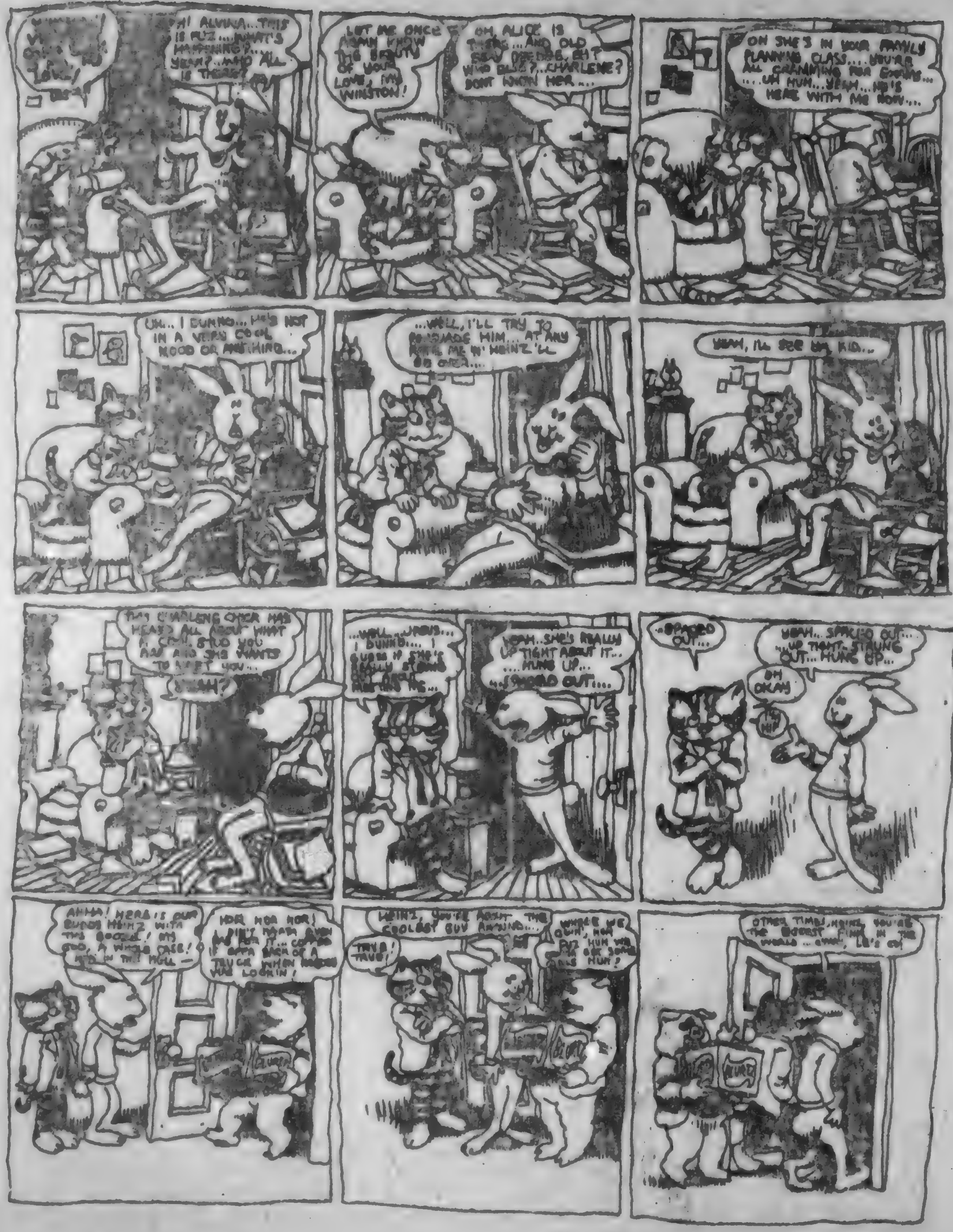
But even so, Crumb draws on the past to a remarkable extent. For all its departures from tradition, "Fritz" has grown out of the comic strip's past, not rejected it. For example, when Crumb disregards the cinematic conventions of the last 35 years or so, he's really stepping back to an even older approach to staging a comic strip. This approach recalls the theater because the motion of each scene is all within the panel, with no rapid shifts of viewpoint. (Of course, even using this approach, the comic strip offers much more freedom than the theater in shifting from scene to scene, and in what goes on in each scene.) By handling his staging this way, Crumb has recognized what many cartoonists have lost sight of, that the comic strip is essentially an intimate medium, and that grandiose effects are best

left to the movies. This intimacy runs even deeper, since Crumb, like all the best cartoonists, emphasizes the interplay between his drawings and his dialogue. One reinforces the other, or serves as ironic counterpoint, within each panel, and from panel to panel as well. It's only in this way that comic strip characters can be fully revealed.

With all that said, though, "The Adventures of Fritz" is far from a perfect story. It starts someplace but goes nowhere; its structure is too chaotic even to be called picaresque. The ending--Fritz simply appears at the door of his friends' apartment after all his adventures have ended--is anticlimactic at best, as if panels or even whole pages are missing. Crumb's drawing of backgrounds has a deliberate casualness to it--that way it doesn't distract from the characters, even though the inked lines don't vary in width--but there are times when the drawing (compounded by the printing) is downright sloppy, and it's hard to tell what's happening. In the June installment, for example, it takes some hard looking to tell that a crow is actually flying to carry Fritz away from an out-of-control car. Crumb also crams too much into too few pages, as if he were determined to violate as many "funny animal" taboos as possible, as quickly as possible. In the three pages of the June installment, Fritz steals a car, smokes pot, makes love to a huge female crow, turns into a leftist agitator, and becomes a fugitive from the police. When things happen that fast, it's hard for them to make any sense, and they don't. For a while I opened CAVALIER in fear that this month, Fritz would wander into a gay bar and there get hooked up with some members of the John Birch Society. Fortunately, Crumb didn't carry things that far. The story also lapses into pretty ordinary slapstick at times, and this doesn't jibe with its otherwise realistic tone. Crumb also uses many different species of animals as character, and this rarely works, past a certain point. By contrast, the anthropoid dogs in Carl Barks' strips form a sort of neutral background that sets off the ducks. They look different enough from the ducks to set them apart from the other characters, but not so much as to be disturbing. When you go beyond this and use a lot of different animals that really look something like animals, you've got problems. Not only do you have the contrasts among the different animals to contend with, but also the contrast between the behavior of real animals and that of the animals in the strip. That's too many contrasts to be comfortably absorbed, and the results can seem jumbled and confused .

Putting together a good "funny animal" story can be a surprisingly tricky business, and Crumb did a better job of it in a story titled simply "Fritz the Cat" that is included in R. CRUMB'S HEAD COMIX, a collection of his stories published this fall by Viking Press. "Fritz the Cat" is only ten pages long, and much tighter and better organized than the CAVALIER story. It shows more clearly, too, the influence of the past on Crumb's work. In its detatched, wryly amused tone especially, this story recalls Carl Barks and his ducks. There's the same loving attention to the vital detail. When Fritz is balling in a bathtub with three girls he's picked up in a park--three at once, mind you--the space above the tub is filled with balloons containing grunts and squeals of pleasure, but there's also a thought balloon of Fritz's: "Wait'll I tell the guys!" The resemblance to Barks goes beyond even that; the books scattered around a hippie pad include "How to Live Off Other People" by Ira Leach, and "Real Gone With the Wind."

Neither Fritz story was drawn recently; both are about three years old. Their roots go much deeper than that, to Crumb's childhood (Crumb is now 24). All the children in his family turned out home-made comics under the collective title "Animal Town Publications." According to Crumb's brother-in-law, Marty Pahls, "Carol did Campfire Clown; Charles did Fuzzy the Bunny ((one of Fritz's friends is a rabbit named Fuz)); Robert's main character was Brombo the Panda;


HI ALVINA...THIS IS FUZ...WHAT'S HAPPENING?... YEAH?..AND ALL IS THERE?
LET ME ONCE AGAIN KNOW THE BEAUTY OF YOUR LOVE, I'M WINSTON!
OH, ALICE IS THERE...AND OLD FUZZY DEDE, BUT WHO ELSE?..CHARLENE? DON'T KNOW HER...
OH SHE'S IN YOUR FAMILY PLANNING CLASS....YOU'RE ALL GRADUATING FOR COLLEGE... ....UH HUH...YEAH...HE'S HERE WITH ME NOW...
UH... I DUNNO... HE'S NOT IN A VERY COOL MOOD OR ANYTHING...
...WELL, I'LL TRY TO PERSUADE HIM... AT ANY RATE, ME 'N' HEINZ'LL BE OVER...
YEAH, I'LL SEE YA, KID...
THAT CHARLENE CHICK HAS HEARD ALL ABOUT WHAT A STUD YOU ARE AND SHE WANTS TO MEET YOU...
YEAH?
...WELL...UHHUH... I DUNNO.... I GUESS IF SHE'S REALLY STRUNG OUT ABOUT ME...
YEAH..SHE'S REALLY UP TIGHT ABOUT IT... ....HUNG UP... ...STRUNG OUT....
..SPACED OUT...
YEAH.. SPACED OUT.... UP TIGHT...STRUNG OUT... HUNG UP...
OH, OKAY
HI!
AHHA! HERE IS OUR BUDDY HEINZ WITH THE GOODIES! MY GOD, A WHOLE CASE! HE'S IN THE MOOD—
HOR HOR HOR! I JUST HEARD ABOUT IT... COMING IF OPPA BACK OF A TRUCK WHEN WE LOOKIN!
HEINZ, YOU'RE ABOUT THE COOLEST GUY AROUND...
TRUE!
WHERE WE GUN, MAN
PUT HUM VER
OTHER TIMES, HEINZ, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST ... IN THE WORLD ... UHM, LET'S GO!

- - - -

The Crumb family lived at various times in Philadelphia, Iowa, California, and Delaware, finally returning to Philadelphia in 1962. Robert moved to Cleveland the same year. There, fresh out of high school and with no formal art training, he was hired by the American Greetings Corporation. He illustrated greeting cards for them until early this year, although from 1964 on he spent little time in Cleveland and mailed his drawings to the company.

Crumb at this time devoted hundreds of hours to illustrating a six-by-nine-inch book called "Animal Town," using a crow quill pen and colored pencils. According to Marty Pahls, "This has joined the apparently huge quantity of Robert's work which floats around among publishers, fans, and others--Robert not being the tidiest or most businesslike of souls."

Crumb married in 1964, and he and his wife lived in Switzerland and Copenhagen and traveled through England, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Germany, eventually returning to Ceveland via Iceland. A collection of sketches from his Bulgarian visit appeared in HELP! in 1965.

(That magazine also published a brilliant Crumb sketchbook from Harlem. Those sketches--because they use what seem to be racial stereotypes--aroused some vehement protests. Crumb has continued to use such stereotypes, but it's difficult to accuse him of racial prejudice. What Crumb seems to be saying is that there's a strong element of truth in the Negro stereotype--many Negroes do resemble the picture of them that most whites carry--but this is so because whites have insisted that Negroes conform to the stereotype, and have penalized those who refused. Negroes are different, but only because whites have demanded that they be. This is the sort of sophisticated attitude that can be confusing and upsetting to old-line liberals, if not to black militants. Of course, for all I know, Crumb could be a foaming racist, but that doesn't seem at all likely.)

The Crumbs lived in New York briefly, but "Robert was turned off by the rat-race of money and famed that everybody seemed to be into there," according to Marty Pahls, so they returned to Cleveland for a time and finally moved to San Francisco in 1966. The Crumbs and their infant child now live near the center of the Haight-Asbury district and Crumb is very much a part of the hippie scene.

That Crumb is within the hippie orbit is obvious from his work of the last year or two. Fritz and his friends have been left behind now; when "funny animals" do turn up in Crumb's strips, they're parodied ("Those Cute Little Bearzie Wearzies") and drawn in a style more reminiscent of NOTALIFE COMICS and COSMO CAT than Carl Barks. Some of his strips are set in Hashbury or some equivalent, all of them reflect hippie attitudes, and most of them have been published in underground papers--YARROWSTALKS, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, YELLOW DOG, etc. In the underground press, Crumb has lived out his childhood fantasy of becoming a cartoonist without entering the narrow world of syndicates and comic book publishers.

The 1965 Fritz pages in CAVALIER have their share of four-letter words, but they're hardly central to the story; they're there because that's the way Fritz and his friends would talk. Likewise, Fritz's sex life isn't dealt with explicitly, for the most part. But now the focus of Crumb's strips has shifted to the Forbidden, to all the words and things and activities that have been off limits to everyone but hard-core pornographers in the past. Sex and elimination, in other words. Crumb was pushing this way in the first two issues of his underground comic book, ZAP COMIX (the first published late last year, the second last summer), and now he's gone about as far as imaginable with his latest production, called, God help us all, SNATCH COMICS. It's at least as raunchy as you think it is, but describing it without breaching the bounds of good taste would be impossible, or very close to it.

Which is the point, perhaps, behind SNATCH COMICS and many other things that the hippies and the underground papers say and do. They seem to say that the canons of good taste, and many stronger taboos besides, operate to shut us off from important truths, not merely soften their impact. Above all, the hippies are insistently physical creatures. Their long hair, the disarray of their persons and their living quarters, their shunning of the numbing effects of alcohol and tobacco, all testify to this, and I suspect that this, rather than their "laziness" or their politics, is the main reason they're so thoroughly detested by so many people. The sexual revolution notwithstanding, much in American life is still geared to suppressing the spontaneous. The crew-cut Eisenhower years are only eight years behind us.

But ironically, if most Americans are uneasy in the presence of the freedom the hippies advocate and practice, there's some evidence at least that the hippies aren't entirely comfortable with it either. Many underground papers have a shrill and defensive tone that seems to arise less from persecution by outsiders (although there's surely plenty of that) than from discomfort in the presence of what fills their own columns. Naturally, the reaction to this discomfort has been, in many cases, an intensified effort to shock the "straight" world. Considering what's already been printed (and even mailed), fresh shocks are going to get harder and harder to come by.

The underground comic strips mirror what's going on in the rest of the papers. Their great virtue that has been that they've expanded the emotional horizons of the comic strip, doing for the medium as a whole what Crumb does for "funny animal" in his Fritz stories. However, I suspect that remarkably few of the underground strips will have any lasting worth. They're maimed by the same self-consciousness that makes the underground press as a whole an embarrassment to read. In some cases, the strips read like something out of a college humor magazine edited without faculty supervision. The connection with college humor may be more than coincidental, since at least two cartoonists with strong ties to the underground--Joel Beck and Gilbert Shelton--first gained attention for their work as undergraduates. Irreverence is the stock in trade of college cartoonists, and usually all they have to offer. If you're typed as an irreverent cartoonist, then, one day, like an aging gunfighter, you must face someone who's even more irreverent than you are, and you've had it. This is what has happened to Beck and Shelton, and why even their current work has a sad, dated quality that smacks of the early Sixties. They've been shot down by cartoonists who violate taboos on a scale that no cartoonist of a few years ago could even have imagined. (The people who do those little booklets about Jigss and Maggie don't count.) But if these New Cartoonist do have a greater impact than Beck and Shelton and other undergraduate-style cartoonists, and leave the comic strip open to fresh ideas, they'll have accomplished that by what amounts to a blitzkrieg--there are too many of them, and too much brutal power in their strips, to be resisted. Beck and Shelton are still a lot more fun to read than most of the strips in the EAST VILLAGE OTHER.

Despite their greater emotional freedom, most of the underground strips are surprisingly stodgy in matters of technique. What "innovations" there are usually are just mistakes made by people who don't know how to tell a story in comic-strip terms. Curiously, this lag among underground cartoonists has coincided with a rising interest in the story-telling techniques used in professional comic books. This interest has led to stories by both professional and amateur cartoonists that are far more exciting to look at than to read, since striking layouts, strong lighting, and rich colors can't make up for writing that strains the reader's patience. Traditional comic books--and their fans--are tied to the tired old super-hero concept, and technical trickery can't make a super-hero story the vehicle for an artistic statement. Aubrey Menen, in a brilliant

article on Disneyland a few years ago, noted that the sizes of the attractions in Disneyland varied, that while Tom Sawyer's island is full-scale, Cinderella's castle and Tod Hall and Pinocchio's village were far too tiny for humans to enter. This is appropriate, Menen says, since "There are two kinds of legends: with one sort we can get inside them; with the other we are all spectators." The all-but-invincible super-heroes are prime examples of the former, since they represent wish-fulfillment carried almost to the limit. The wish-fulfillment probably isn't as potent as it once was, since the Comics Code has scrubbed away what was most virulent in the super-heroes. But even so, the wish-fulfillment is so nearly complete that it stifles the imagination rather than releasing it. Worse, the imaginations of most super-hero fans are restricted to wish-fulfillment anyway. These built-in limitations of both form and audience impose almost impossible burdens on the artist who's trying to do more than put on a show of flashy techniques. Of the current comics artist, only Jim Steranko in NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD and Neal Adams with "Deadman" have come close to marrying form and substance. A few fan artists--notably George Metzger--have had more success. In fact, Metzger is a sort of bridge from comics fandom to the underground, since his work has appeared both in comics fan magazines and in underground papers.

Crumb stands apart from all this, free of all the hangups that afflict both the comic book people and the underground cartoonists. Not only can he draw, but as he proves in his Fritz stories, he's a master story-teller, one who can break with the traditional ways of doing things without indulging in any juvenile braggadocio. He's made an omelet without breaking any eggs. As with the other New Cartoonists, his work has grown steadily less inhibited over the years, but unlike them, he hasn't forced his growth. There's never a hint of strain in his strips, never any indication that he doesn't feel quite right using this word or having his characters behave this way, no matter how outrageous those words or that behavior might be. I know of only one other cartoonist who's achieved comparable freedom, and that's S. Clay Wilson, who shares SNATCH COMICS and the second issue of ZAP COMIX with Crumb. But there the similarity ends. While Wilson's strips emphasize the physical as much as Crumb's do, the effect is totally different.

Virgil Patch wrote in THE WORLD OF COMIC ART last year that Harold Ross of THE NEW YORKER once rejected some of Partch's cartoons because the people in them had "lips, nostrils and teeth showing. ... Now that I look at my drawing of that period, I agree with him." Partch doesn't say why, but I can guess. Drawing a cartoon involves simplifying, leaving things out--so what you leave in assumes greater importance than in life. So with lips, nostrils and teeth; to include them may amount to a distortion of reality, but not the comic distortion that a cartoonist should have in mind. Clay Wilson's strips are all lips, nostrils and teeth, and a mass of other such physical details besides. Warts, moles, pimples, body hair--these are his subject matter, all magnified by a crude and ugly drawing style. Wilson's style is perfectly mated to his stories, which are about motorcycle gangs and other such human drek. Wilson's is a world seen after too many days of too little sleep and too much coffee, when every person's physical imperfections loom so large that they're disgusting. Wilson's is merely the obverse of the neat, tidy, dirt-less world that so many people would prefer. In each case, there is at bottom a hatred and fear of the physical, and contempt for us poor physical human beings. I'm reminded of the character in an Isaac Asimov novel who expresses his contempt for "matter" while his hands are planted firmly on his fat hips. Maybe Clay Wilson is an uptight little old lady in disguise.

Happily, the atmosphere of Crumb's stories is fundamentally different. Crumb is amused, not contemptuous. There's sympathy and tolerance evident in even his randiest stories. It's hard to be disturbed by a pornographer who includes a pinup in SNATCH COMICS with a caption like this: "Jail Bait of the Month - 'Honey Bunch' Kaminski, 13, of L.A. What a little yummy!"

Crumb seems to be fascinated by everything human, and repelled by nothing. As a result, many of his recent strips have the disturbing clarity and mystery of a vivid dream...or of a fairy tale. There's "Neato Keeno Time," for example, in BIJOU COMICS, a new underground comic published in Chicago. This two-page story mixes murder and necrophilia with elements from the insipid teen-age radio shows and comic books of the Forties and the rock and roll of the Fifties. Somehow, no seams show.

Crumb roams through the American past with the same ease he shows while poking into the darker corners of the mind. According to Marty Pahls, no one artist had so great an influence on Crumb as "the whole tradition of plastic Americana, from open trolley cars and minstrel shows down through 1920s vocal crooners and hack-cartoon styles through the jive of the Forties and pimple-rock teenageism of the Fifties, to the truss ads in the back of tabloid newspapers and the little old Polish ladies on the back of the Euclid Avenue bus."

This shows up in countless ways, sometimes in straight-faced put-ons like ZAP COMICS' "Kitchen Kut-outs," two pages of anthropomorphized edibles and kitchen utensils with names like "Conrad C. Cup" and "Bad Guy Billy Beercan." BIJOU COMICS, for its part, has two Crumb puppets that you can paste up and jiggle around, just like in BUGS BUNNY'S CHRISTMAS FUNNIES. Usually, though, Crumb makes subtler use of the past. His cartoon style has grown steadily more old-fashioned, even as his subject matter has gone further and further out. The lean, crisp drawing of the two Fritz stories has been replaced by drawing that's thicker, darker, and more fluid. (One result has been that some of Crumb's recent work resembles Basil Wolverton's, although Wolverton didn't influence Crumb's style. They're both "physical" cartoonists, with rich and heavy drawing styles, but while both artists' characters have hair in their armpits, Crumb's have more.)

Crumb draws on his own past, as well; his "Just Us Kids" in ZAP #1 has a strong autobiographical sound to it, and references to FUNNY FRIENDS and other bits and pieces of his "funny animal" past bob to the surface now and again. Even the roast chicken in a thought balloon in the first panel of "Life Among the Constipated" (in HEAD COMIX) is taken from the "Black-Eyed Suesan" stories his sister Sandy was drawing when she was seven or eight. Still other strips catch the rhythms and distortions of American speech far better than any attempt at dialect humor could. The dialogue in some strips (especially a "Cute Little Bearzie Wearzies" page in YELLOW DOG) sounds like transcriptions of actual conversations, but this doesn't come off as well. Other strips are obviously the products of experiences with marijuana and hallucinogens.

Crumb will try anything, then, and he can do almost everything. He picks up and then discards possibilities on which a lesser cartoonist could build his whole reputation. Crumb's own reputation is growing rapidly, but for a cartoonist who is so widely acclaimed, he's produced astonishingly little that's really durable. Crumb works in an atmosphere of incredible freedom, provided by both his own enormous talent and the anything-goes editorial policies of the underground press. Free to do as he pleases, Crumb has produced in the last couple of years almost nothing but fragments, brought up from nooks and crannies of the brain and the American past. Some look much more like notebook sketches than finished strips. None of his ideas have been sustained and developed in stories as brilliant as "Fritz the Cat," although some of his satires of white American attitudes, like "Whiteman" and "Angelfood McSpade," come close. Crumb hasn't demanded more of himself, and his audience hasn't either. The latter is important, since, while Crumb is hardly "commercial" in the accepted sense, he is, as Marty Pahls says, "a communicator rather than an abstract artist, and gets his biggest kicks out of entertaining the people around him. So his subject mat-

ter reflects the people who happen to be around him—the 1965 Fritzes that came out in CAVALIER show the collegiate/hippie Cleveland of the time; more recent stuff uses the freaks and acidheads of the Haight." That, surely, is why Crumb has turned almost exclusively to smut in recent months. And "smut" is the right word. A detailed physical description of a sex act doesn't convey what's really going on, any more than a detailed physical description of eating conveys how it feels to consume a fine meal, and a detailed physical description is all that smut provides. In good pornography, as in good literature of any kind, far more is implied than stated. As I've already suggested, Crumb's smut is relaxed and funny, but it's still smut, and so a dead end for a talent as great as his.

Fortunately, Crumb's ties with healthier comics traditions haven't been completely severed yet. Fritz hasn't been seen recently, but there's still Mr. Natural, a bearded no-bull hermit and philosopher who is Scrooge McDuck in disguise. Crumb lately has taken to dropping Mr. Natural into adventures that are a little gamey for such a venerable gent, but so long as he's around there's hope for better things. Crumb is, after all, still a very young man, and cartoonists, unlike poets and chess players, frequently get better as they grow older. Carl Barks was well past 40 when he began turning out his best work.

It may be that it will take Crumb that long to really hit his stride, although I hope not. When R. Crumb finally does put it all together, babies, watch out.

—MIKE BARRIER

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R. CRUMB'S HEAD COMIX, the basic Crumb collection, contains most of his best work from the last three years or so. Included are strips from the EAST VILLAGE OTHER, YARROWSTALKS, CAVALIER (but not "The Adventures of Fritz") and HELP! (but not the Harlem and Bulgarian sketches), as well as most of the contents of ZAP COMIX #1, and some previously unpublished material. "Fritz the Cat" may be among the latter; I had never seen it before and I don't know of anyone else who has. HEAD COMIX, published by Viking Press, costs $2.50 in soft covers (eight-and-a-half-by-eleven-inches) and $4.95 in hard covers.

According to Crumb, Viking will publish a collection of his Fritz stories next spring, but I don't know just what will be in it. Start saving your pennies.

ZAP COMIX #1 is out of print, but #2 may be ordered from the Print Mint, 830 Folger, Berkeley, California 94710, for 50 cents, plus 15 cents for handling. I don't know who is handling SNATCH COMICS, although you might try the Print Mint for that, too. The five issues of THE YELLOW DOG (which is now defunct) are also available from the Print Mint at 25 cents each; I suppose you should add 15 cents for handling for them, too.

BIJOU FUNNIES #1 is available for 50 cents from The Bijou Publishing Empire, P. O. Box 3506, Merchandise Mart Station, Chicago, Illinois 60654. A stamped, self-addressed envelope to the same address will bring you a free Mister Natural button.

An oddity, supplied by John Benson: The word "niggers" was removed from the "Life Among the Constipated" page before it was reprinted in HEAD COMIX. This is curious, since the same word turns up in the "Whiteman" story, and it wasn't changed at all. I've also heard that the two-page "Hey Boparee Bop" strip exists in a much, much naughtier version, complete with pornographic photos.

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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

The numbers in parentheses before each question and each answer identify the question and the issue in which it first appeared. For example, Question 10-70 is the seventieth question asked since this series began; it was first asked in this, the tenth issue of FUNNYWORLD.

Questions on comic books, animated cartoons and comic books (and related matters) are invited. Except as noted, the questions and answers are mine.

—MIKE BARRIER

Q:

(10-70) From TOM ANDRAE: What were the titles and dates of all giveaways with Warner Bros. characters in them?

(The Warner characters have appeared in at least the following giveaways: FAMOUS GANG BOOK OF COMICS, a 1942 giveaway with reprints from the first few issues of LOONEY TUNES; SUPER-BOOK OF COMICS 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 (1945-47), and at least one unnumbered Bugs Bunny issue; BOYS' AND GIRLS' MARCH OF COMICS 42, 44, 57, 59, 71, 75, 83, 89, 97, 99, 113, 115, 130, 132, 143, 149, 160, 164, 175, 179, 188, 192, 201, 209, 218, 220, 231, 245, 259, 287, 288, 301, 303 (1949-1967); 15 pocket-sized Quaker cereals premiums issued in 1949, and a Road Runner giveaway distributed in California in 1967 for the Southern California Edison Company. Anyone know of more?

(10-71) From JOHN BALDWIN: I have a 1938, 84-page black-and-white DONALD DUCK comic book that is exactly the same size and format as my Dell black-and-white comic book #5, TARZAN OF THE APES, but is unnumbered. It is made up entirely of reprints of newspaper comic strips. How does this fit into the scheme of Dell's series of one-shots? The only black-and-white DONALD DUCK comics I've ever seen listed are #s 16 and 20.

(10-72) From MATT ROSENBLATT: Who created Daisy Duck and Huey, Dewey and Louie, and when?

(10-73) From HAMES WARE: Who drew Fawcett's TOM MIX comic book?

(10-74) From HAMES WARE: Who drew Dell's Zane Grey comic book, DESERT GOLD?

(10-75) From HAMES WARE: Who drew Dell's BUFFALO BILL JR. comic book?

(10-76) From WAYNE DEWALD: Who were the artists for the stories in the recent BEST OF BUGS BUNNY giant, especially "Accidental Outlaw"? Who was the artist for "The Great Optic" in PORKY PIG #19? All these stories are reprints from the '50s.

(10-77) From TOM ANDRAE: I need the exact date that Will Eisner left "The Spirit" comic strip, and the date of the last "Spirit" strip.

(10-78) From TOM ANDRAE: Were the first "Dick Tracy" comic strips ever reprinted?

(10-79) From TOM ANDRAE: I'd like some information about a comic book called SNARKY PARKER--the artist, dates, numbers, who the character was, whether the artist did other strips, etc.

(10-80) From TOM ANDRAE: I remember a comic book with a "Mr. Question Man" in it?—can anyone tell me anything about it?

(10-81) From JOHN FAWCETT: In which issues of POPULAR COMICS did Captain Midnight appear?

(10-82) How many Little Lulu cartoons were made, and when? Can anyone tell me anything about them--the characters featured, the sorts of gags used, story lines, etc. How did the cartoon Lulu compare with the Lulu of the POST and comic books?

(10-83) There's a Walt Disney "Gremlins" strip in a Dell comic book called WAR HEROES #4, but this strip is not in issues 2, 6, 7 and 9. Does anyone know of any other WAR HEROES issues with "The Gremlins"?

A:

(4-21) The fourth issue of YOGI BEAR

This question was whether the fourth issue of YOGI BEAR was actually numbered #4. I've learned, from seeing a copy of the comic, that this issue was #4, dated Aug.-Sept. 1961.

(7-41) Bugs Bunny's Origin

For CHUCK JONES' account of the origin of Bugs Bunny—and the role played by Charles Thorson, who is credited in a children's book as the "creator" of Bugs—see the letters column in this issue.

(7-43) Disney and Scholastic Press

From DAVID SMITH: Disney has made a deal with Scholastic to publish a number of Disney movie tie-ins in paperback form. Appearing so far have been THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE, CHARLIE THE LONESOME COUGAR and THE PARENT TRAP. CHARLIE was also published in hardback by Four Winds Press, a subsidiary of Scholastic.

(8-47) The MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE

From MALCOLM WILLITS: The first issue of the MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE was the "summer quarterly," 1935, which sold for 25 cents. It was 10 by 13 inches (the only one this large) and contained 44 pages. The entire issue was in full color and it contained all original material, not reprints. As Dick Martin says, later issues were short on color and comics, until July 1938, when there was a change of policy.

(9-69) The Disney character Eega Beeva

From MIKE BENTON: The character was introduced in the 1948 "Mickey Mouse" daily strip, circa August-October. Unfortunately, my run starts somewhere in the middle of the adventure, so I don't know his origin, although I suspects it's "alien." The adventure centers around the Rhyming Man, and his quest for some secret something or other.

LETTERS

From CHUCK JONES (head of MGM's animation department): It is for me to thank you for publishing my Montreal talk.

And after reading your brilliant and stinging review of Stephenson's book, ANIMATION IN THE CINEMA, I owe you much more than thanks. You have washed most of the Stephenson grit out of my blood-stream. I needed your incisive eye and hand to endorse my own feeling that the book was inept, inaccurate, prejudiced and pretentious.

I did want you to know how much I appreciate both your cold criticism and your warm understanding of what seems meaningful to me in animation.

(From a later letter.)

Enclosed is a Xerox of the first true Bugs Bunny model sheet. It was drawn by Charlie Thorson for Bugs Hardaway, a writer at the studio. You will notice that Charlie put the apostrophe in the wrong place: "Bug's" rather than "Bugs'"--but the intent was plain, he meant Bugs' Bunny just as he might have written Chuck's Bunny if he had drawn it for me. This rabbit bears no resemblance, either physically or characteristically, to Bugs Bunny as he developed under Tex Avery, Friz ((Freleng)) and me. Tex certainly deserves the greatest credit for the essentials of the character, although we developed subtleties and disciplines after Tex left.

From MAGGIE THOMPSON: A new UHF station in Cleveland is now running daily an hour's worth of Warner Bros. cartoons...

Hey, you know Chuck Jones must have been in on all the development of Bugs Bunny? I hadn't realized just how long he'd been doing Bugs cartoons. Like, back when Elmer took him home from a pet store, and Bugs had a different voice and an oval head... And I saw another probably-Bugs cartoon (not by Jones) with an almost Mortimer Snerd voice and black tips to his ears--again vs. Elmer.

Another cartoon of interest: "James Swinnerton's 'Canyon Kiddies'"--supervised by Chuck Jones. Not a very good cartoon--and very old Jones. But intriguing.

The fascinating thing about this huge quantity of Warner Bros. cartoons is that they're of all different ages--though nothing really recent. Like, some are from Vitaphone days (bad, oh, bad), with a song in almost every cartoon (Daffy singing "The Merry-Go-Round Goes Round," the theme of all Warner Bros. cartoons, for example, in an ancient Daffy cartoon). One had the "WB" on a circle showing clouds (instead of a solid color)... And was it mentioned in FW /whatever that "Looney Tunes" had Porky Pig saying "Th-tha-that's all, f-f-folks," whereas "Merrie Melodies" just had the handwriting, "That's All, Folks!"?

Ever see the Chuck Jones cartoon with Bugs vs. Magician Ali Bahma? (That's a name worthy of Barks.)

From what I could gather of a couple of early Daffy cartoons I've seen re-

cently, his early regular foe was a character called "Egghead." Sort of a crude Elmer, without the lisp, with a smaller head, and a bigger nose; he was usually to be found duck hunting. Reason (among others) he seems to be a regular is an opening on one which showed two walnut shells. Out of one popped Egghead; out of the other popped Daffy. Only after this preliminary did the cartoon start. Looks like the sort of traditional beginning that a lot of Bugs Bunny cartoons have (Bugs sitting on his name, then credits, then the cartoon starts).

(The oldest Jones I've seen is a 1935-ish cartoon called "My Green Fedora," which he animated with Bob Clampett; I believe Freleng directed, or "supervised," as they said in those days. It was not for some years after this cartoon was made that Clampett and Jones became directors; according to the Family Tree of animated cartoons, Jones' first effort as a director was "The Night Watchman," in 1938. "My Green Fedora" featured a song that went something like this: "I wear my green fedora, fedora, fedora, for Dora is the one girl that I love." The cartoon is just as awful as the song, unfortunately.)

From GEORGE METZGER: Um, yes, to comment on FW #9. Jesus, reading fanzines is an education these days! It gets pretty damn good. Having not been in college for a while I don't do much thinking, and I slip out of intellectualizing by being an artist and only having to draw. Reading the new GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE was certainly far out. It reads like a very professional magazine, almost technical. FW isn't like that as my reaction goes, but it contains a lot of stuff that I usually ignore and here I am being absorbed. (Humble mumble and two years ago I wouldn't have touched a funny animal comic...)

The thing I can ramble on most about probably should be your reviews of current pro and experimental comics, where I get it. I don't think you were hard enough on "Kaleidasmith." It's not a strong strip. It's a fantasy world with the emphasis on bizarre evolution in people and society. I enjoy it, for it's a fun escape world, and I doubt if it will ever get the chance to mature. I'm going to try and keep to the same art style with it, and tell it pretty conventionally and yet try'n either make a little point or at least tell a good story. I just got done struggling through a K. story, 13 pages, which I'll pack off to a fan named Mike Raub to print. I thought of saving it for a bigger 'zine but that might backlog my stuff and I don't dig that too much. The latest GSM story was finished in December of '66, even before I had discovered Zipatone (I added it in before mailing it to Spicer). And the K. story isn't much but part way through it I discovered Japanese comic books and as a consequence I changed my stride in story telling and added some good visuals (I hope). Most pages go four panels deep just to cut down the amount of drawing I'd have to do otherwise, some are two panels deep, depending on what's going on. But I had fun with it. The story ends with the "heroes" on a raft in the middle of an inland sea after a series of disasters befall them, commenting on what a helluva rotten day it's been. I hope very few people are hung up on continued stories because it might look like one but certainly isn't. And I'll never explain how they get on to the next adventure. For all I know I may never do another adventure. The character of K. is too Nothing. He's all different in this story. He is subordinate to the other major character, his friend N., who is loosely based on a real character. He'll be a different character next time, no doubt.

Meanwhile, we still have "Master Tyme and Mobius Tripp." ((FANTASY ILLUSTRATED #7 and GSM #9.)) It really seems to have blown some minds. The strip and its origin just happened. I was telling a science fiction strip story the only way it could be told. A very conventional look to it, like "Kaleidasmith," would have made it not as good a strip (graphic story). I wasn't too consciously aware of technicalities, but was aware on an emotional level, perhaps...it was kinda intuitive. The second story worked a little better, I tried to make it easier to read, easier to understand the relationships between the different counterpoints in the

story (the character conflict between Tyme and Tripp and their hassle with the alien social order that has to hassle with them, etc.). I await comment on it. But I also fear doing another story. I'm very hung up on technical stuff and have done some changes and I don't know what'll happen. I fear a lot of naivete and originality are lost. But I will probably try.

Anyway, thanks for saying that my ideas are so important, that what I've done is all that novel. I'm not quite so sure, no indeed.

On "At Sea"... I think you're right about your observation on the strip's faults but do not believe the introduction of a single word, even as dramatically as was done here, destroys the strip that much. But it is a static thing. It is a cold fact whereas the rest of the events in the story have a more emotional something to them. It's not letters in dialogue or a caption, but it is arresting, there is no further action from then on, nor is any possible. However, I was unsettled by the water drum under the raft. I was under the impression that the raft was built on empty drums, so as to float better; is this drum, too, empty? If it has water in it how much? Did you ever try to rassle one of those drums around? Even with a tiny bit of water in them they're a bitch, and no easy task for a man weakened by exposure and a thin daily ration, especially when placed under the raft. Maybe even the raft's original owner didn't know of the drum, though this is most unlikely as he must have built it. Anyway, that bothered me. The bold intrusion of that word does not. Not to me, anyway. It's done. Worse tripe has been presented us. Which should bring us to your mention of WITZEND and the rest.

I agree that SAVAGE! and a good number of stories in WITZEND are very bad, virtually obscene, but I do not believe that the artists are that way due to the comics code. The Steve Ditko thing I disliked very much, and it is because Ditko is presenting us his ideas, which aren't very good. They are of another time. His ideas of characters, of villains are out of date. His heroes usually battle simple robbers, petty hoods wearing turtleneck sweaters and the floppy clothing styles of the '50s (everyone does that, the hoods wear clothes in bad taste for those times), his women are pretty dreadful, stylishly out of it. And his values are very conservative. I believe he does equate in black and white, which as a philosophy for judging man in this complex, demanding culture is utterly merciless. His hero can put aside other people's rights and beat the shit out of them with righteous conviction because he has chosen Good, and those acts he does are Good because they are done to people designated Bad. I don't dig where that leads. But I do not believe the code is responsible. It allows similar things in other stories Ditko has done, not as blatant, though. This is the way Ditko thinks, he is a product of our society, of a part of it, and so is the code. People agree with what he puts down there. (I got one fan mag by a fan who thought it (("Mister A")) was the greatest story of the year; that's just the way you gotta be. What a cold civilization we would be/are.) Some of the other stories in WITZEND are products of sick minds, people hung up sexually on certain motifs presented in the mass media as desirable and symbolically representing sex and sexual gratification (notice the number of bondage shots in the Roger Brand story(("Virtue Ever Triumphant" in WITZEND #4)). And they're poor ones, too. It's all ugly, and yet it's in our literature, on movie billboards, to titillate the mind. It's not terribly healthy to get bogged down in it, I should think. Usually the code keeps that stuff out, just 'cause it's an obvious turn-on to kids, but they miss the major point. Hell, Russ Manning draws chicks the way I wish I could draw chicks, I dig'm, and he has done a number of possibly subtle provocative shots of chicks doing action things, which might be a bit better than the submissive poses of bondage.

And I doubt that Kane did SAVAGE! because he was free of the code...it got into print because it was free of the code. But it is more of the movies, trends in certain movies to violence by the professional killer have been a vogue but they are gone now (I hope). But the idea that the Lee Marvin/007 type would go over well was wrong, a narrow view. A lot of people may not respond warmly to

this sort of hero. But then again I might be wrong. The mag may fail for other reasons than poor subject matter. But if it sells well because people like this sort of stuff in abundance, then maybe I'll start to worry. Meanwhile I'll try to keep my disgust to an even level.

But naw, I can't blame the code for all this. I think the code operates stupidly but I can't blame it for this.

(Your letter, and Matt Rosenblatt's, among others, have shaken my belief in the Comics Code's blame for the excesses of Wood, Kane, & Co. It's true enough that an infantile fascination with violence and what passes for sex are characteristic of a lot of American entertainment...but the point is, Wood and Kane and Ditko and the others aren't supposed to be producing ordinary entertainment; they aren't supposed to be chasing a fast buck by catering to the more popular perversions. WITZEND and SAVAGE! are supposed to represent what these artists really want to do. They're supposed to be flexing their muscles, showing us all the fabulous wares they never could display in ordinary comic books. What we have instead, are WITZEND and SAVAGE! Quite a letdown. Where the Code is at fault is that it staked off certain areas and refused to permit any treatment of them, however responsible, or, as in the case of violence, demanded a healthy dose of hypocrisy. People get shot, but they don't bleed. My argument is that after working for so long on comic books that were not just for children, but were childish--after working for so long under conditions that bred a distorted view of reality, and of what is and isn't "adult," after all this, it was inevitable that the "liberated" artists would produce stories that plunged headlong into the areas that were off limits before. Their new "adult" stories are afflicted by the childishness that is characteristic of most comic books, and I doubt that it could have been otherwise. Hopefully, Wood and Kane and the others will learn to handle their new freedom with more grace, in time. That is, if they haven't reached the limits of their talents already. Ditko probably has, and perhaps Kane, too.)

From BILL SPICER: Richard Kyle is probably right when he says that "realistic time was never exactly realistic," talking about movies, and "consequently, 'real time' is actually perceived as fast-time by the film-goer.". One of the few exceptions to this that I can think of is "High Noon," in which the 90 minutes of film-time corresponds to the same 90 minutes of real time; and there wasn't (to me) any sense of perceiving it as "fast time." If anything, in fact, the effect was one of SLOW time...more than 90 minutes...which was probably intentional. And as for actors deliberately moving slower than they would in real life, with the effect of seeming to move as quickly as ever, this might be a result of film editing, or montage, rather than an audience reacting more slowly because they are not directly involved in the action themselves. Also, the field of vision in a movie screen or a television screen frames the movement of actors, usually eliminating much of the competing peripheral scenery as taken in by the eye in real life, and thus focusing the viewer's attention on the actors' movements, which in turn causes the effect of"fast time"--even though the actors may be moving just as fast or as slow as they would off-camera. This might be another reason for the illusion of "fast time" in films, more than because the viewer is not directly involved in the action himself.

Your analysis of "At Sea" was much more comprehensive and enlightening than I thought was possible from such a skimpy and short story; I'm still surprised that it yielded this much attention in a review. I agree with almost everything you say about its failings; it's got all the shortcomings you covered, plus at least a couple of others that weren't mentioned. "At Sea" was originally conceived as simply a story told without the use of words, but as I got into the breakdowns I began to see that it was more a problem of dealing time than with letting the various "plot" elements unfold one after the other in a natural sequence. So the

story turned out to be essentially an experiment in time elements, rather than an experiment in no dialogue and captioning. As you point out, the time element is where the story fails, for the most part, although its failure is compounded--and made easier--by the lack of words; had the story used words, the whole thing could probably have been told in about three pages, with approximately the same sense of time (several days) being maintained...or maybe even heightened.

For me, the tempo of a graphic story is usually determined by the amount of dialogue and captioning that has to be read. A story like SAVAGE!, for instance, has a rather slow and stodgy pace because of its heavily-worded captions. Charles Biro's stories in CRIME DOES NOT PAY, DAREDEVIL and TOPS were the same as SAVAGE! in tempo: you had to wade through lots of wordage. I think this can be a major problem for the graphic story, because, unlike films which may be as wordy, a comic story demands your attention first on the words or first on the visual, but never exactly simultaneously; in a film, however, the spoken words and the visual are simultaneous experiences. Unfortunately for the graphic story, then, a reader's attention must almost always be divided--even if only for a fraction of a second--between what's being said and what's being shown by the visual. The full effect of both can't be experienced at the same instant, except perhaps where the caption or the dialogue consists of only three or four words--at most--in a given visual. And even then, there's always that micro-second of division between word and picture. The graphic story writer of the future will, I believe, be taking this division into account when he writes his stories and will be structuring the stories accordingly to take advantage of it rather than to be defeated by it. There must be a way of solving the problem created by the time differential between telling a story in words and pictures; the closer the two are brought together, and the shorter the time-gap becomes between them, the nearer to realism the story should be.

This was one of the things that "At Sea" tried to do. By elimination of all words, there was no conflicting time element between percention of first-word-then-visual or first-visual-then-word. Unfortunately, although that problem might have been partially solved, it also presented still another, different kind of problem, involving a different kind of time element. And, surely, a dialogue-less strip has an unnatural feel to it...as does a dialogue-less film--like "The Thief," an experimental early-'50s Hollywood movie starring Ray Milland, which had sound effects (street noises, clocks ticking, doors slamming, etc.) but no spoken dialogue. I doubt if no-dialogue graphic stories show the way to increased realism any more than "The Thief" did for movies.

Agreed on your one-paragraph put-down of WITZEND. It never occurred to me before that maybe the Code has "...warped the minds of a whole generation of comic book writers and artists," but now that you mention it...yeah, I guess you could be right. With any sort of luck, the WITZEND-SAVAGE! syndrome will wear off eventually, and these guys can start thinking seriously of where it's really at...assuming they're capable of it to begin with, which is another matter.

SAVAGE! really turned me off, totally. Much of the disappointment must have come from previously hearing so much about Gil Kane's supposed "innovational ideas," and that he couldn't wait to break loose from commercial kids' comics to start trying out these ideas. I thought, wow, now that he's got his own magazine in the "adult" field, he can do whatever he wants with practically no restrictions and start showing everyone how it should be done. Then came SAVAGE! #1. The cop-out was so thorough that my GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE column on it turned out to be a hatchet job--and Rick Norwood, who shares the "Graphic Story Review" section with me, turned in his own review of SAVAGE! which is also mostly a put-down.

Gil Kane might get the feeling that his SAVAGE! is being unreasonably criticized. It could be. But I still haven't heard from anyone who really liked it.

From DAVE McCULLOCH: On Page 38, you indicate that the "cost-cutting" employed throughout production of "The Jungle Book" may be discontinued in the next Disney animated feature, thanks to the former film's box-office success. This might have proved true had Disney lived, but with things as they are--the empire being run solely in a business capacity--the opposite will probably occur. If the Disney moguls can reap vast profits from a limited budget then it would seem logical that they'll continue--and perhaps even extend--the practice. We can only wait and see, and I for one do so with some trepidation.

(I'm afraid your understanding of how the businessman's mind works may be more acute than mine. It seems obvious to me that "The Jungle Book" enjoyed great success largely because it was fully animated (or almost so), in contrast with the mass of television cartoons. The excellent TV ratings of the "Peanuts" specials and Chuck Jones' "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" are further evidence that quality cartoons can attract enormous audiences, even with mediocre and just plain bad cartoons so plentiful. But the Disney brass may not interpret things that way, despite the less-than-rousing public response to their recent live-action films.)

From DAVE ESTRADA: In "The Funniest Animal," you speak of "The Adventures of Fritz" as being "about the only animal strip today worth reading." I find this appalling. I can see almost nothing of value in the structure and execution of the strip (from Crumb's explicit concern with giving the strip a hastily drawn appearance, to his almost total lack of subtlety in making his various satiric points) and I see even less of value in the strip's content. Do you really think that time is better spent reading "Fritz" than reading "Pogo"?

Admittedly, there is a serious paucity of good funny-animal strips today, and I think this is the reason that you seem to find value in a mediocre production like "Fritz." It is somewhat analogous to a starving man who would greatly value even a tasteless morsel, though in the past he had been used to dining only on gourmet foods.

A second point: your one-paragraph review of WITZEND bothered me somewhat. You speak disapprovingly of the stories, charging that all they are about is "sex, violence ((and)) the psychedelic drugs fad"--is "Fritz" about anything more?

I'm afraid that WITZEND, for the most part, has been a disappointment. However, the two installments of Steve Ditko's "Mr. A" which have appeared so far easily justify the existence of the entire magazine.

You summarily dismiss "Mr. A" by charging that it is a strip "emphasizing violence" which is "vicious and evil at worst." I am disappointed and even somewhat stunned that this is all you saw in the story. "Mr. A" is probably the most strongly moralistic strip that has ever appeared. It is a strip that deals with ideas. Mr. Ditko has translated these ideas into an action story, and this is a crucial point. By doing this he is demonstrating that the concepts he presents have a definite relationship to man's life and actions on earth--that the philosophy underlying his story is a practical philosophy which can teach man truth about how to live and act. Compare this with Kant's ethic of the Categorical Imperative, which is totally removed from the real world and is virtually impossible to practice with any consistency. Kant's ethics (or Plato's or Descartes' or Dewey's or Russell's, etc.) would be impossible to translate into the terms of a tale dealing with life in the real world because they bear no relationship to life and the world. If an ethics doesn't have this relationship to the world, it fails. Ditko's ethical code has everything to do with the real world, and because of this it succeeds.

Steve Ditko did not originate the ethical code which he presents in "Mr. A" but he did perform the task of adapting it to the requirements of the graphic story--the fact that he did this so well demonstrates that he has an excellent insight into the nature of ethics and its relationship to man and life. (You now

ask, incredulously, "Do you really mean to imply that comic book artist Steve Ditko has a better grasp of philosophical truths than did such great philosophers as Plato and Immanuel Kant?" In a word: yes.)

"Mr. A" is not a strip about death, it is a strip about life. The violence and death presented are necessary for contrast, but they by no means constitute the essence of the strip. The very use of such a crucial and ultimate theme demonstrates the importance Mr. Ditko attaches to the ideas he presents.

(As I'm sure is obvious from my review of "Fritz" in this issue, I think its subject matter is much broader than "sex, violence, ((and)) the psychedelic drugs fad." As for "Mr. A," it surely is the most "moralistic" strip around today--but that isn't to say that it's the most moral. The opposite is more nearly true, since Ditko savagely rejects the suggestion that human behavior is frequently ambiguous, and that determining the meaning of individual actions is a task to be undertaken with care and compassion. To recognize ambiguity is not to be paralyzed by it, as Ditko seems to believe. Ditko's philosophy is not "practical" by any means; it is instead a howling retreat from everything in life that is at all complex--and so a retreat from life itself. I understand that Ditko is a disciple of Ayn Rand, but my knowledge of Miss Rand's thinking is too scanty for me to analyze "Mr. A" with reference to her writings. Anyone else care to attempt that?)

From MATT ROSENBLATT: Richard Kyle's mention of "the implicit social content of Barks' stories" (FW #7) came to mind when I read Larry Brody's flat claim in THE COMIC READER #66 that comic books "do not succeed when they attempt to comment on Great Issues." Naturally, I disagree with Mr. Brody here. What the ECs did for liberalism in the early '50s, with their explicit condemnation of bigotry and corruption, Carl Barks did for conservatism and individualism in countless stories over the years. Although some EC fans would have a duck fit if I said so, Barks did an even better job than the EC writers. For one thing, his comments were couched in mild terms, without nasty words or brutal pictures, and for another, his stories were, after all, in "kiddie-type" comics. So Barks could get his message across without bringing all tarnation down on the heads of his publishers. He did so most recently in July '66 UNCLE SCROOGE, "Treasure of Marco Polo." This is nothing less than a satire on the war in Vietnam. There are a few bad spots, such as Scrooge's awkward remark ("...nice try...") in panel 5, Page 23, but this tale, with its clear Barks style, matchless Barks vocabulary ("exotic," "skulking," "reeking," "brigand," "palace fixture," "finagling," "wiliness," "landward," "attire," "howdah"), and Gilbertian plot, is one of the best treatments yet of a subject from which the publishers (except Charlton) have shied away for so long. Who but Carl Barks would say, in the words of the soldier on the last page, "We suddenly think it would be nice for Unsteadystan to have a king again--like in the good old days!", and on the same page, speaking of the treasure, "The tired and hungry people can use that wealth!"? And yet Barks could say it without sounding preachy, as DC's writers so often do when they try to put across a moral point.

A recent advertisement for the Print Mint gave me my first look at "Odalisque." Let me concur heartily with Richard Kyle's revulsion (FW #8) at this type of thing, especially in the case of Daisy Duck. From the description in FW #7, I thought "Odalisque" ((a print by Joel Beck)) was merely a nude Daisy --I guessed incorrectly. The print is, in fact, a caricature of her that is neither appealing nor even seductive--it is ithyphallic, monstrous. My reaction to it was such that I began thinking about Daisy Duck, about the image of her that had been so rudely violated by "Odalisque."

The Daisy of the strips, as far as I can tell from the half-pagers in WALT DISNEY'S COMICS, is nothing more than an incarnation of all the female stereotypes

the writer can dredge up from countless hoary gags: She is the legendary woman driver, the vain buyer of outlandish chapeaux, the idiot in matters mechanical. She spends her time going to parties, cooking, or tricking Donald into doing her dishes or stoking her furnace.

Barks' Daisy may have begun as the same kind of bird, but she changed over the years. The one stereotype that persisted was that of the busybody clubwoman, and this, like Scrooge's money or Gladstone's luck, was principally a device for getting Donald into entertaining situations. The rest of Daisy's character changed, howbeit slowly, in at least two respects, and two stories are worth looking at in this connection. First, the one in which Donald is a mailman trying to deliver Gladstone's Valentine to Daisy, after losing it purposely in a blizzard (WALT DISNEY'S COMICS #150). When he shows up at her front door, miserable and frozen, to apologize, the first thing Daisy can think of is, "Forget the letter! Come in by the fire and get warm!" This is the practical, down-to-earth Daisy, the one who tries to act as a stabilizing influence on Donald. This is the same Daisy who, when Donald discovers in a later issue that he has lost Mrs. Goldbrick's diamond ring, counsels, "Don't go all to pieces!" (WALT DISNEY'S COMICS #175). Daisy became more and more like this, and less and less like the foolish, flighty young girl duck that she shows herself to be in the next few panels of the mailman story. There, she calls up Gladstone and, heedless of what she is doing to Donald's morale, thanks Gladstone profusely for having "walked clear down to the post office in this horrible storm, just to mail it to me!" Here is the original Daisy of the earlier stories, quick to burst into tears or giggling, first to follow the latest fad; the fickle "prize" in the various contests between Donald and Gladstone; the inept duck who throws the wrong packet of love letters at Donald in a fit. This side of Daisy crops up occasionally in later stories, but it is the solid, no-nonsense side of her that predominates. The mailman story, then, then, gives us a rare view of both facets of her makeup.

Mrs. Van Snootley's suppressed desire party (WALT DISNEY'S COMICS #198) brings out the reason for the second change in Daisy's character, a change that quite possibly contributed to the maturing described above. This change comes about as a result of Daisy's long attachment to Donald. Daisy wants her Donald to be a hero, an exceptional duck. But she rarely appears in the great one-shot epics; confined to the ten-pagers, she sees only the Donald of the ten-pagers. And this Donald, described so well in Steve Eng's letter to FW #7, is no hero! Daisy has seen him fail so often, and so spectacularly, that whenever he calls attention to himself by attempting the out of the ordinary, she shudders. She becomes a cynic, a puncturer of Donald's dreams, and we see this again and again. That she still dreams of Donald as a hero, though, is shown at the suppressed desire party. Donald comes in a knight's shining armor, to the delight of the boorish guests, who tease unmercifully. Daisy, a woman whose man is being ridiculed, is embarrassed almost to tears. This time, however, Donald redeems himself by saving the partygoers from two snarling lions, in a sequence of panels graced with captions that rank among the most stirring ever to appear in any comic book. And when the lions are safely locked in their cage, it is Daisy, overjoyed after so many years of disappointment, who runs to his side: "My Donald! My hero! You were magnificent!" Unfortunately for Daisy, Donald succeeds so rarely at this sort of heroism that she may be pardoned for wondering, each time she encounters him, whether she will wind up hiding in Timbuktu with him at the end of the story (she never does).

Although it was Huey, Dewey and Louie with whom I identified most of the time, it was Donald in nearly all the stories in which Daisy appeared. And later on, I knew a girl who had a lot of Daisy Duck in her. So when someone comes up with trash like "Odalisque," I am outraged, as though the honor of someone close to me had been maculated.

Speaking of bad taste, it does not look likely that Ward Kimball's "Escalation" would ever reach the screen of the Aberdeen Proving Ground Post Theater; but if it did, I would stay away. Political cartoons have been around for many years,

and propaganda films have been with us from the days of "The Birth of a Nation," through the work of Goebbels, up to the present. Sooner or later someone had to make the first animated hate flick, and apparently, now someone has. But isn't there enough hate and viciousness, both in real life and in just about every other medium, without putting it into an animated cartoon? In the '20s, the Klan sold a chance to hate (figuratively speaking) for a ten-dollar membership fee. A guy must be pretty bitter to pay five thousand dollars for his chance.

You are right about SAVAGE! being no good, but, though I have no use for the Code, I am not at all convinced that it was responsible for warping anyone's mind, any more than the pre-Code comics warped any kid's mind. My guess is that Kane (I've not seen Wood's WITZEND) will soon blow off his steam, and abandon mindless violence. Unless, of course, SAVAGE! is a big success on the stands, in which case the readers will be as much to blame for its continuing as Kane. What the Code did do, by design, was drive several legitimate enterprises out of business. To the extent that a corporation is a "person," the Code can be called a murderer.

Richard Kyle's remarks on animation by computer are noteworthy. The technology to do what he envisions is already here. It is the artistic aspect that raises the most difficulties. Suppose the creature to be animated could be broken down, by a team consisting of an artist and a geometer, into the sum of a collection of small, simple solids. Then it would be an easy task to project this creature onto any desired plane, even taken perspective and distance into account. But, as anyone who has seen a three-dimensional rendering of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck knows, the cartoon animals are not at all mere projections of solid objects. The animator distorts different views to provide the exaggeration that is an essential part of any cartoon, still or moving. Even without distortion, a moving, talking character is constantly changing shape, and not in any way that can be described conveniently in the language of a computer. The computer could, however, handle backgrounds and such things as cars and ocean waves without too much trouble, and it could do as yet undreamed-of things in the hands of the avant-garde cartoon maker.

(Since Daisy Duck is herself a caricature of a real duck, you're describing "Odalisque" as a caricature of a caricature—which I don't think it is. Rather, it's Daisy's seductive pose that is a caricature of countless seductive poses in PLAYBOY and its imitators, not to mention the older tradition of pornography. "Odalisque," to me, is simply a commentary on the absence of sex from the Disney cartoons and comic strips; it's startling because there's so rarely any sexual element of even the mildest sort in Daisy's relations with Donald—so few kisses or other tokens of affection. Their man-and-woman relationship, such as it is, is usually shown only in terms of the social roles of men and women (it's stereotyped, in other words), not in terms of any specific relationship, and certainly not in terms of any sexual attraction they may feel toward one another. Having grown used to looking at Daisy this way, it's a shock to be confronted by a naked, "sexual" Daisy. Of course, "Odalisque" confirms the wisdom of the approach employed in the Disney cartoons and comic books. Beck may have thought he was deriding Disney, but he actually demonstrated that Disney and Barks and the other chroniclers of the ducks knew what they were doing. To bring off a convincing man-woman relationship within the over-all Disney approahc would have been difficult, to say the least, and pointless, since cartoon comedy of the Disney variety can deal with other subjects much more impressively. Now, Robert Crumb has demonstrated that sex and animal characters are compatible, but his stories differ from the Disney stories in many more respects than their handling of sex. And, of course, things can be done with the Disney approach that are foreclosed to those who use Crumb-style animals.)

BARKS BIBLIOGRAPHY (Continued from Page 38)

his money bin in an indestructible glass that defies the efforts of Magica de Spell and the Beagle Boys to crack it. Then Scrooge learns that the cry of a bird called the Tanganyika Yeeker can shatter even the glass that protects his bin.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Madcap Inventors - 3 3/4 - Gyro and his new neighbor—also an inventor—compete at inventing ways to make their trees bear such "fruit" as peanut butter sandwiches and hot dogs.
UNCLE SCROOGE Much Luck McDuck - 7 - Donald and the nephews try to spoil Scrooge's sale of a vacant lot that they've been using as a playground.
UNCLE SCROOGE Collection Day - ½ - Scrooge serenades a senorita, but not for romantic reasons.
UNCLE SCROOGE Seeing is Believing - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge rushes toward the end of the rainbow with a wheelbarrow and returns with a pot of gold.
UNCLE SCROOGE Playmates - 1 (back cover) - Scrooge buys an ape as a playmate.

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Front cover.
UNCLE SCROOGE Getting the Bird - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge bids for a parrot against a mysterious competitor.
UNCLE SCROOGE A Spicy Tale - 18 - Scrooge goes to South America, to the village of the Cura de Coco Indians, to get wild nutmegs for the tea he loves. On the same plane is Donald, who has been sent by the Tutor Corps to teach the Indians farming, but instead teaches them how to play bongo drums.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Finny Fun - 4 - Gyro invents a wand that hypnotizes fish so that they do his bidding, but his act draws no applause at the sea carnival.
UNCLE SCROOGE Tricky Experiment - 8 - With the Beagle Boys out of jail, Scrooge changes his coins into paper money and stores the bills in a round tank that he operates by remote control so that it eludes the Beagles' efforts to break into it.
UNCLE SCROOGE Art Appreication - ½ - Scrooge buys a painting of money for his bin's wall.
UNCLE SCROOGE Nest Egg Collector - 1 (inside back cover) - At a gathering of collectors, Scrooge can show only his money "collection."

- - - Gold Key issues of UNCLE SCROOGE will be covered in a special Gold Key section, under code number 10038.

ADDENDA TO THE LETTERS SECTION: Even at nine pages--or nine times its length last issue--the letters section could accomodate only letters from seven readers, and I've had to forgo publishing worthy comments by Buck Coulson, Steve Eng, John Fawcett, Mike Benton and Al Kuhfeld. Not to mention the other people who have had comments on FW #9 of greater or lesser length. An embarrassment of riches, but I like being embarrased. Keep those letters coming,folks (forget the postcards).

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